

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DEBILITARY MAN, STUDIOUS CHANGE AND CHASED WITH NOVELTY SAT & INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Illinois Magazine.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

We do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbour and friend, Mr. Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States, for his services. The following statement may be relied upon, as Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky; and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the *Rangers*, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieut. Journey, who were posted at Hill's Station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazle thicket and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; another fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the gunsmoke in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins' surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins' horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loaded his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted and turned to fly, when a low voice near him, hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, "no, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently he told him, "now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off"—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass and crawl as close to the ground

as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism, than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw, that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt unflinching at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them, singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire which, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle; Higgins watched his adversary's eye and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others, pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty charged boldly up to him, and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had just slain was the most dangerous of the three; and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover, that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. "They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," says he, "but now when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers." A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians, rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountering the opposition of one of Higgins' tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep but his whole front was covered with scratches of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valour. At last, one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep in Higgins' cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on: but Tom instantly recov-

ered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded, and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, attempting to stab the exhausted stranger, while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife now ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time, the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians, had passed away, and a number of the latter, having passed the hazle-thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs. Parsley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs. Parsley declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, she tied out; the men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed, full gallop, towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells—his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first—Higgins, exhausted with loss of blood, had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Parsley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the smallest doubt that it is literally correct; or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins' opportunities for observation would admit; for as he very properly observes, he was in a desperate bad fix just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in his thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This, Tom flatly refused to give; as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached his home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the ball, and inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "flirted it out," as he assured us, "without costing a cent." The other ball re-

mained in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble, except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the best kind of a man to handle him.

From the National Intelligencer.

MAN-OF-WAR BURIAL AT SEA AND ON SHORE.

The burial of the dead at sea is at all times an impressive and affecting ceremony. At the shrill piping and hoarse cry of the boatswain and his mates, "All hands bury the dead ahoy!" the officers collect on the quarter-deck, and the men with the boatswain at their head, in the waist; though with features not very expressive of grief or pity, with a respectful and rather serious air in their rough weather beaten faces and sturdy bearing, as affecting, perhaps, and strictly according with the solemnity of the occasion, as the sobs, or it may be, the silence of a few near relatives, among a crowd of thoughtless, restless indifferent spectators on shore. The body of the deceased sown up in his hammock, with a shot or two to make it sink, is now upon a plank one end of which rests at the gangway, the other upon the shoulders of a couple of his shipmates. The chaplain then steps forth, or in his absence one of the officers, and reads the burial service. At the first words—"I am the resurrection and the life"—officers and men uncover their heads; the hum of the busy peopled deck for a time ceases; and nothing is heard but the voice of the Quarter master, more impressive than silence, chanting at the wheel his wonted "port a little"—"steady, so!"—at times, to the steersman. At the words—"we therefore commit this body to the deep" the body is launched from the plank; a sudden plunge is heard; it sinks to its unknown and fathomless grave; the ship passes on like a bird shaking a feather, unconsciously from her wing; the hum of its busy inmates, and the hoarse bratling of the speaking trumpet once more breaks in upon the silence; and the dead is for the time forgotten, and, perhaps, remembered no more.

The burial of a seaman, on shore is, unluckily for the more grave and seriously disposed spectator, apt to be attended with certain mistakes, and other incidents of a rather humorous character; for a sailor no sooner leaves the ship than he really seems to leave his wits with it. I was the other morning invited by one of the Lieutenants to accompany him to one of the small lonely rocky islands, flung like a chain across the entrance of the bay, and witness this, to me, novel ceremony. A few feet of earth had been thrown out from the side of a hill at a short distance from the shore, and to this rude substitute for a grave, the coffin was borne on handspikes. An attempt was made to form the mourners, to the no great number of ten or fifteen, into a kind of straggling funeral procession, but without much effect. There was a constant stepping out of the line to discover what was going on ahead; and stumbling and jostling of shoulders, and grazing of heels, with at times a querulous, and to say the least of it, *hard word*. The coffin having at length been laid in its grave, and the earth hastily filled in and heaped over it, the Lieutenant ordered them to gather around, and commenced reading, in a rather chaplain-like manner, the burial service. There was no great attention, however, on the part of the spectators, for they could not be called listeners. One fellow, with his hands thrust into the bosom of his jacket might be heard, spitting through his teeth, and looking forth with a critical eye, upon the sea and ship, as if forsooth, he had never seen either before; another busily adjusting the knot of a bit of rope yarn upon his old rag of a turban; a third, the lenth-er belt of the waistband of his breeches; a fourth deliberately helping himself to a comfortable quid of tobacco; and perchance a fifth sending forth a careful eye around the island, if good luck he might detect some lurking vagabond of a Greek with a drop of liquor about him, to be got for love or money. At the words "we therefore commit his body to the earth—dust to dust, ashes to ashes," there was a sudden start in the whole company, and each catching up whatever of the earthly kind lay over him, and one I noticed, a stone of some two or three pounds weight, threw it upon the grave. The burial service finished, I supposed the ceremony was over; but it seems the most important part remained—which was to set the edge of the grave, carefully around with green twigs and pebbles, to the exclusion no doubt, of all evil spirits and witches.

U. S. Ship

* Bay of Vourla, Turkey

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1830.

THE TRICOLORED DAY.

Friday, the 26th ult. was emphatically a tri-colored day. Such a display was never known before. Every thing was tri-colored from flags and feathers, down to cockades and cablages. The celebration had been adjourned on Thursday in consequence of the rain; and on Friday, though dry overhead it was all mud under feet. The pantalons of the soldiers which were white in the morning became at least three colored, if not more, before night, and as it was a "raw and gusty day," the faces of the spectators, which were merely red and white in the morning, had the addition of blue before dinner time—not arranged precisely like the same color in the French flag, but occupying the middle space—usually denominated the nose—in other words exhibiting a long line of blue noses.

All the world—we mean of New-York—turned out to see the procession. And as we got upon the ground rather late, it was with much ado that we could get a standing place and a seeing place at the same time. It was in vain to stand tip-toe, for some tall fellow would be sure to intercept his towering form between us and the show. It was equally in vain to endeavor to peep through the thick set rows, standing as they did, a dozen abreast. At last we were fain to mend our spectatorial condition, by clambering into the waggon of a countryman who had come to market, and having got caught in the lines, could neither go nor haw, go forward nor back out. In fact he was fixed to the spot, not only physically, but mentally—not only kept there by the surrounding mass, but held fast by utter astonishment and admiration. As his observations were natural and altogether *con amore*, we shall take the liberty to give a few in detail.

"Bless my heart!" said he, "what a swad of people here is! I never seed the like in all my life; it beats our muster all to dirt. Gracious! how they do stream along! there's no end to 'em. Only look at them as flags—what beautiful patch work! blue white and red."

"Those are what they call tricolored," said we.

"They, be ha? well there nice upon my word. Our Nell is very good at patchwork, but she cant come up to this. Bless my heart! only look a there, how they stream along! here's more tricolored things—here's tricolored cockades, and tricolored bags,* and tricolored swashes. What a sight of money they must ha' cost—Lord! my whole load of butter, and chickens, and pigs, would a been nothing to 'em."

"Bless my soul and gizzard! how they do stream along! there's no end to 'em sure enough. What a whale of a waggon that is," said he directing his astonished eyes to one of the cars on which the mechanics were exercising their trades: "by gorry, its big enough to carry five ton of hay. And here's more tri-colored things. The pipes of the fire engines are tricolored, and the ladders are tricolored, and the nick-nacks and trigunagies around them are tricolored. Every thing, is tricolored, by gorry. The sogers' plumes are tricolored, and their belts are tricolored, and their hoses are tricolored—brown, black, and sorrel—and some on 'em red and cream-colored. Bless my heart! if this doesn't beat every thing that I ever set my eyes on afore!"

"Look a there now, there's a steamboat comin on wheels—how she does pour out the steam, like a coalpit—I shouldnt like to be aboard, for by gorry she'll burst her boiler. Bless my heart! there's another boat comin upon wheels, how they now along! git out of the way of the cars or they'll hit you in the head. There's one fellow got a devil of a polt, already. Hurrah for Jackson! hurrah for France! hurrah for New-York!"

So saying, the countryman swung his hat around his head, and at last finally fell back upon the seat of the waggon through astonishment and exhaustion. He soon however, got up again, and new wonders attracting his attention, he once more burst out—"Bless my heart there's more on 'em comin. I'm sure there's no end to 'em. How they do stream along. Bless my soul and gizzard! if there aint one of them jo-fired great waggons with a printer's tool on it, printin varses like all be hang'd. Here, you printer, tess me a pair on 'em, if you please. [Reading] Air, Ma-Marcy Lewisies Hymn. Gorry! if ever thought Marcy Lewis was a poet before. I didnt know as she know'd any thing, except how to feed the cows and milk the ducks and turkeys. But

strange things turn up sometimes. Any how I'll carry home a pair of the varses to old neighbor Lewis. He'll be a little astonished, I think, any-how."

So saying he rolled up the varses, and was about putting them in his hat, when we just hinted to him that in again huzzzing he might lose them. He took the hint in good part and saying he would not lose them for the price of a pound of butter, deposited them safely in his pocket book. But there was no time for his astonishment to cool, and he again burst forth—

"Bless my soul and gizzard! Mister, whats a comin now? There's another of them jo-fired big waggons, and the men are at work as bus as so many pisnires. What in the nation can they be a doin?"

"Making segars," said we.

"So they are," said he, "as sure as rates, well, if that dont beat my tobacco pipe all to pieces, then there's no bones, that's all. Here, you tobacco twisters, you, hand us a dozen of your segars. I'll carry some of these home to astonish my neighbors, I'll be hang'd if I dont. Hurrah! hurra! there comes more on 'em! There's no end as I said before—but I should like amazingly to see the last on 'em. What an everlastin swad of tri-colored! here's tri-colored men and tri-colored women—tri-colored boys and tri-colored gals—only see how the streets and winders are stowed full on 'em."

"By jingo! here's another of them are all-sufficient great waggons—and the men on it are making sausages—I'll be hang'd if they aint. Here you sausage stuffers, throw us a dozen of your links. I'll carry 'em home to my wife and let her see if they're as good as she can make. Take care, you blunderin fellow! you hit me right in the face! Let's examine 'em now—tri-colored by gorry!"

"Faith, as I said afore, every thing is tri-colored; and if I dont get out of this jam, my chickens and butter will be tricolored soon. But I must see the end on't. Gracious how they do stream along! 'm sure there's no end to 'em. A string seven miles long has gone past already, and I dare say there's three more to come. I'm sure there's no end to 'em. Bless my heart and gizzard! only look at the tricolored, and all colors. Here's cartmen with tricolored frocks, and soldiers with tricolored punkins* on their caps, and generals with tricolored cock-aids. I never seed so many sorts of tri-colored in all my life afore. As sure I'm alive there's no end to 'em. There goes one man down in the mud! Hurrah for Jackson! hurrah for France! hurrah for New-York!"

About this time, being both hungry and cold, we took leave of our friend the countryman, with many thanks for the standing we had enjoyed in his waggon, and returned home. There what should we see among other things at our landlady's table but two or three dishes of elegant tri-colored nib-bags tastefully arranged in the form of cold show, thus in a measure justifying the remark of the countryman that every thing around was tri-colored.

As the following article from our tri-colored correspondent comes very appropriately under the present head, and goes still further to illustrate the tri-colored nature of the day, we give it a place here:

Ma. EDITOR. I send you a short article respecting the universal prevalence of the tri-color at my house on Friday last. My better half who is a woman of French tastes, insisted upon it that every thing on that day should be tri-colored; and as I did not deem it prudent to thwart her inclinations, I subsided with the best grace I could. In the first place, we had a tri-colored breakfast, served up in tri-colored platters and eaten off of tri-colored plates. We drank tri-colored coffee out of tri-colored cups, handed to us by tri-colored waiters, who constantly grinned a tri-colored smile.

At three o'clock we had a tri-colored dinner, consisting of tri-colored beef, tri-colored fowls, tri-colored fish, and tri-colored lobsters—flanked with tri-colored potatoes, tri-colored turnips, tri-colored cauliflowers and tri-colored celery—and the whole eked out with tri-colored puddings, tri-colored pastry and tri-colored fruit—while the table at each corner was garnished with tri-colored bottles, containing tri-colored spirits, tri-colored brandy and tri-colored wines.

At tea we drank tri-colored gun-powder out of tri-colored china, sweetened with tri-colored sugar and creamed with tri-colored milk.† We had tri-colored bread, tri-colored butter, and tri-colored dried beef.

All day we trod upon tri-colored carpets, sat on tri-colored chairs and warmed ourself by a tri-colored fire. I wore a tri-colored vest, a tri-colored dicky

* Meaning, doubtless, *pompous*.

† Black, white, and red, we suppose.

‡ In which we suppose the blue predominated.

and a tri-colored stock. My wife had on tri-colored shoes, tri-colored stockings, tri-colored gown, tri-colored cap, and a tri-colored face. My daughter Marguerite wore a set of tri-colored combs to set off her new tri-colored hair; and my daughter Matilde played a variety of tri-colored tunes. Our very conversation was tri-colored; not a sentence being uttered that day which did not contain at least one tri-colored word.

We closed the day, as we had begun it, in real tri-colored style. We retired to rest in a tri-colored bed, surrounded with tri-colored curtains, and decked with a tri-colored counterpane. For my own part, I was all night harrassed by tri-colored dreams; and my wife had the tri-colored nightmare; and the whole family of us the next morning felt like a parcel of tri-colored fools.

Yours &c. TRICOLOR

MISTAKE OF THE PRESS. An importing house in this city had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of Brass Hoppers, such as are used in coffee mills. But instead of Brass Hoppers, the newspaper read *Grasshoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting room was thronged with inquirers respecting this new article of merchandize.

"Good morning Mr. Invoice; how do you sell grasshoppers?" said a fat merchant. "What are they worth a hoghead?"

The importer was astonished, but before he had time to reply, in came a druggist, who being bent on speculation, determined to purchase the whole lot, provided he could get them low. Taking the importer aside for fear of being overheard by the merchant, he asked him how he sold his grasshoppers; if they were of prime quality; and whether they were to be used in medicine. The importer was about opening his mouth to reply in an angry manner to what he began to suspect was a conspiracy to torment him, when a doctor entered, smelling at his cane and looking wondrous wise.

"Mr. Invoice," said he, "ahem! will you be good enough to show me a specimen of your grasshoppers?"

"Grasshoppers! grasshoppers!" exclaimed the importer, as soon as he had a chance to speak—"what in the d—!—is name, gentlemen, do you mean by grasshoppers?"

"Mean?" said the merchant; why, I perceive you have advertised the article for sale."

"Certainly," said the druggist, "and when a man advertises an article, it is natural for him to expect inquiries relating to the price and quality of the thing."

"Nothing in the world more natural," said the doctor. "As for myself I have at present a number of cases on hand in which I thought the article might be serviceable—but since you are so—ahem! so unwell—why I must look out elsewhere, and my patients?"

"You and your patience go to the d—!—!" interrupted the importer; "mine is fairly worn out, and if you don't explain yourselves, gentlemen, I'll lay this poker over your infernal heads."

To save their heads, the advertisement was now referred to, when the importer found out the cause of his vexations by reading the following: "Just landed and for sale by Invoice & Co. ten hogheads prime *Grasshoppers*."

LECTURES ON DRAMATIC POETRY AND ELOCUTION. Mr. J. J. Adams is about commencing a Course of Lectures on Dramatic Poetry and Elocution, to be delivered at Masonic Hall.

The price of the Course is \$2. Ticket to admit a Gentleman and Lady. The first lecture will be given on Wednesday evening next. The course, we should think, from the nature of the subjects and the talents of Mr. Adams, will be both amusing and instructive.

PRIZE COMEDY. The premium of \$300, offered for the best Comedy by Mr. Hackett, has been awarded to J. K. Paulding, Esq. The play is entitled "The Lion of the West; or a Trip to Washington." The hero of the piece is said to be a member of Congress from Kentucky, full of amusing eccentricity of character and peculiarity of expression.

A PRIZE FAILURE. Of the several tragedies presented for the prize offered by Mr. Pelby, none are deemed worthy to receive it. Two, however, "The Exile of the Alps," and "Conrad, King of Naples," it is judged might be rendered highly effective on the stage, if carefully revised. Mr. Pelby has extended the time to the 1st of March.

CELEBRATING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. A man by the name of Hempton, in this city, advertises his wife as having vacated his bed and board "by way of celebrating the Revolution in France."

MUTINY AND MURDER. On Tuesday, four men were arrested at Gravesend, Long Island, for mutiny and murder committed on board the brig Vineyard, Captain Thornton, of Boston. The names of the prisoners are: John Brownrigg, Charles Gibbs, Thomas Wansley and Robert Dawes. The Vineyard sailed from New-Orleans about the 10th of November, having \$50,000 specie on board, for Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. It appears from the statement of Brownrigg and Dawes, that the captain and mate were murdered and thrown overboard, off the Capes of Delaware, by Gibbs and Wansley, assisted by Henry Atwell and A. Church, who were afterwards lost in the jolly boat. Brownrigg appears to have been ignorant of the conspiracy until after the murder was committed; and Dawes states that he had no part in the mutiny, though he was acquainted with it, but was afraid to inform the captain for fear of being murdered. A man by the name of Talbot, also lost in the jolly boat, appears to have been innocent of the mutiny and murder.

After the murder Gibbs took charge of the vessel and ordered to steer for Long Island. When near Southampton light, they scuttled the brig and took to the boats, having with them the \$50,000 of specie. The jolly boat, with three persons aboard, and their share of the money, was sunk in a gale. The long boat struck on a bar, and to lighten her, all the specie was thrown overboard except about \$5,000, with which the prisoners landed on Barren Island, and buried most of it a little above high water mark. They crossed over to Long Island, and engaged a Mr. Leonard, at Gravesend, to bring them to Brooklyn, when, on the information of Brownrigg, they were arrested and conveyed to Flatbush jail. Brownrigg, and Dawes are natives of England, and state that they were obliged to take their share of the money to prevent being murdered. Gibbs is from Rhode Island; and Thomas Wansley, who is a colored man, states that he was born in Delaware. They are now brought to this city to take their trial in the United States Court.

ELDER WITHERELL. This unlucky gentleman has been for some time past under the bone of contention, about which the dogs of political war have been bitterly fighting, until they have almost torn the poor clergyman to pieces, besides wounding and lacerating another. Elder Witherell is a succeeding Mason, and naturally supposed to be obnoxious to the masons "that be." A little before the late election, a story was published in the Anti-Masonic papers, of an attempt made by the Masons to assassinate him. To offset this story the Masonic party published an account purporting to be an examination of the Elder before a Justice, wherein he was made to acknowledge that the story of the assassination was a trick got up for political purposes, and that he himself was the author of the attempted assassination upon himself. This counter-statement proves to be a forgery, and the Justice of Peace (Amos T. Bush) before whom the examination was stated to have taken place, declares on oath that no such examination ever took place, and that his name was forged to the paper. Thus the matter rested. But it appears from the Catskill Recorder, that though the Elder was not accessory to his own attempted assassination before the fact, yet he connived at the story raised out of it, and was willing that his party should enjoy any advantages that might arise from the incident. The truth appears to be, that George R. Witherell, the Elder's son, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, undertook the filial exploit of frightening his mother in the absence of the old gentleman. Having succeeded in throwing his mother into hysterics, and being frightened at the success of his mad prank, he invented the story of the two masons who came to assassinate his father, supposing him to be snugly in bed beside his wife instead of being absent at the house of a friend. And thus a foundation was laid for all the lying and abuse, pro and con, which have disgraced the papers on both sides for some time past.

PORTRAIT OF MR. WEBSTER. Mr. Harding, says the Boston Courier, is engaged in painting a full length portrait of Mr. Webster—to be paid for solely by the mechanics and working men, as a testimony of their respect and gratitude for his talents and public services.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, sold one of the \$10,000 prizes in the last New-York Lottery. Surely Mr. Sylvester is one of "fortune's favored"—this being the third Capital he has sold within a few weeks.

GEORGE CROWNFIELD has been tried and acquitted on the indictment for misprision of felony.

"CACOLOGUE." A subscriber in Connecticut, lately wrote us, that "the expiration" of his year "had ex-ired." He was a good subscriber, and paid us in advance. But he should get some Dr. Pangloss, as Barnes says, to mend his "cacology," or in other words, his *tautology*.

OLD REVOLUTIONERS. David Williams, the only survivor of the captors of Major Andre, and Enoch Crosby, the original of Harvey Birch, were present at the late celebration of the French Revolution.

SIMONIANS. A new religious sect have arisen in France and Germany, called Simonians, after their founder, St. Simon. This man was a soldier, and served under Washington in our Revolutionary war. He died in 1825.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LIPS AND QUIVERS.

NO. V.

THE PRISON SONG.

Suggested by a representation of "Kicking the Buckle," in Finn's Comic Annual. Johnson seems to have caught the true humor and spirit of the moment in his delineation, and has made the scene as true to life as if he had been the very individual, who with Plato in his pocket, is there seen descending into "Sisyphus' mines." However, I presume that comical genius is yet above ground, alive and kicking!

Come on, come on, my merry chaps!
We're glad to see you here,
We'll give you fist a hearty grip,
The best we have of cheer:
Cheer up, cheer up, my gallows bird,
You're welcome to our cell,
You taken bucket doesn't come
For nothing down the well!

We've long been looking, friend, for you,
And you are here at last,
So sit you on a stone and join
Our subterranean blast!
We'll make the rocky caverns ring,
Our echoes shall be free,
And the sound of shovel, pick and spade,
Your welcome here shall be.

Hats off, my boys! all such as have
That royal remnant yet,
Away with crowns, three cheers to him
Who joins our jolly set:
A merrier crew ne'er shouldered axe,
A merrier never drank,
Though now we're not a drop, except
What drop from yonder tank.

The dripping rocks shed tears enough
Without our help to moisten—
There might have been no bucket at
The end of yonder rope!
Tis better far to soil in tubs
And shoulder here your peck,
Than 'tis to have no standing place,
With heup about your neck.

Then shout a hearty welcome, boys,
To our new comer here,
And let the cavern's welkin ring
With sounds of prison cheer;
Up—let our merry echoes rise,
With yonder rising loat,
We'd rather see it so than have
The rope about our throat!

Chorus.

So here's a hearty welcome, boys
To him that enters here,
Ring out, ring out the echoed shout,
You're welcome to our cheer!

TWISTED & CO.

A professional visit, related for the very benevolent purpose, that it may serve as an anti-spasmodic for all the fair daughters of Eve, who are in favour of anti-conjugal felicity!

"Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news I yet what I say is true,
RICHARD 2d.

"Fie, fie! unknight that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

"And in no sense is meet or amiable."
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As I sat humming, whistling o'er
A solo in my elbow chair;
I heard a rapping at the door,
And she exclaim—"who's there?"

Who's there! said I, you dingy wench,
So raise the latch and see;
Or I thy pan-cake nose will wrench
With a twist—exquisitely!
She nothing said, but jump'd as tho'
Some demon had beset her;
And soon return'd with courtesy low—
"Doctor! here's your letter!"
But ere that I could read it through,
A little child came crying—
"Oh Doctor, come—come quickly too—
I fear my mother's dying!"
Ten minutes brought me to the spot—
Around at Mr. Herrick's;
Oh! said the day—his wife had got
A touch of the Hysterics!
Convulsed upon her husband's breast,
The dear dear wife there lay;
Said he—"I fear she'll yield her breath—
A word she cannot say!"
I soon inquired into her case—
He said—"we two have clash'd;
And what is more to my disgrace—
I am too often thrash'd!"
For every morn when I attempt
To offer up a prayer;
She says I am a hypocrite!
And strikes me with a chair!
And if I do not quickly hush—
She'll up and hit again;
And rather than another such,
I cry—"Oh Lord!—Amen!"
And when to day as I began
To read the "foreign news,"
Said she—"you are a filthy man—
Go out and scrape your shoes!"
My dear! said I—my shoes were brush'd,
And brought to me quite clean;
I've not been walking in the dust—
I know not what you mean.
"You lie—you have—my carpet's spild!
Here's dirt! and so is there!"
And then to help me on the way—
She took me by the hair!
And when I loos'd the soft white hand
Of my dear Mrs. Herrick;
She said she would not such treatment stand!
And went into Hysterics;
But still I hope for Pluto's sake,
She'll not go in this plight;
For should she once commence her prate,
He'd surely take to flight!"
"Hope in her case?" there's not a gleam—
Her pulse now intermits!
And spasms soon will end the scene—
In most distressing fits!"
Ah me! he cry'd—with heavy sigh—
"And must we part so soon?"
Oh! do not grieve, kind sir, said I—
There's peace beyond the tomb!
"Peace—not for her—the scriptures say
The Saints that boon inherit;
But she alas! if sav'd at all
Must be in salt—or spirit!"
Her cheek with crimson dye was flush'd—
She look'd up at me—whew!
Then like a pulse—screw'd up her mouth—
"Why—Doctor! How d'ye do?"

Oh! I'd sooner share the open air
My Ponto by my side;
Than live in halls with gilded walls,
A tizen for my bride,
Such things I hate—and pray that Fate,
Has no such rib for me;
Where thunders roll—or "Symmes' Hole"
A paradise would be!
Sulphureous fume might fill my room,
And exclude the light of day;
And melted lead pour on my head—
But keep your scolds—away!

Gotham, Anno Domino, 1830. RUSH.

* Some of the wise sons of Esculapius may wonder a little at my management in this case; but they may rest assured that the most speedy method of casting out the visionary fiend, and of bringing their patients to their senses, is to impress them with the idea of an immediate dissolution.

WAR SONG.

Onward, onward to the fight,
Sons, and sires, ere the light
Of morn, dispels the gloom of night,
Your homes may prostrate lie.

Warriors, to the battle-ground,
Hear ye not the clarion's sound,
Through the air 'mid shouts resound,
Your country save, or die.

Ye too long, your chains have worn,
O'er your wrongs no longer mourn,
Remember, ye were freemen born,
And down with tyranny.
Though few,—your cause, will be your shield,
Freedom's foes must fly or yield,
Then, forward to the battle-field,
Your watch-word—liberty.
Swear by all your father's wroght,
By the soil their blood hath bought,
To fight, as they for you have fought,
And to the combat on.
See, they stand in dark array,
High your banners now display,
Soldiers, prove your worth to day,
The battle must be won!
New-York, Nov. 30, 1830. E. B. L.

The following couplet and graphic description of the grand pageant in honor of the French revolution, is from the pen of our old friend Joe Strickland—his views of the best method of getting rid of a bad king or ministry, are entirely new, and may afford a useful hint to other countries besides France.

in t,other Bull's hed Nov. 27, 18 hundred & 30.
Deer unkle Ben,

I gess if you'd bin here yestirly, you'd seen a site that'd made yer hare rise up as stiff as hogs brassuls—never sence the airth waz put togethur, waz seen sich a time, we had the Vackauyshun (that cum the day before) and the french revvylushun, rite on top ov wou anuther, and sich an everlastin flusterashun you never see, az soon az the day peep'd, the kannon Bang'd on the Bells in awl the meetin housin, runz as iph heven and airth waz kummin togethur, evvry boddly waz goin to mete wun anuther in kanal strete, and awl git into an everlastin Long string, un then start, to go threu the streets, evvry boddly wore sunthin that had three kullers, Blew white un red kaze they sed that waz the French kullers. I seed wun old womman, that kuddent make it out no other way so she had a bew peidy kote, un won white stockin un won red won, un she kawld it try kuller—when the hole hoodle got togethur in kanal strete, they started to go round the sittv, awl the different squads had sunthin to show on a stage, drawd by hosses, Thare waz a steam boat, un a thunderin lug ox, un the Printing thing un the Lord knoze what awl, I knew you'd like to kno what waz goin on in Yawk so I thout I'd git a good place, un take um awl down az they kum along, but, lord help ye, twoud take half a dozen men to rite awl there names, so I shall take em down az sammy woodworth has sot um in his book—there waz

The short, the tall, the fat, the lean
The fair, the brown, the brave, the mean
The maid, the widow, wife and mother
And some who're neither one nor tother

There waz

Querists, quibblers, quids and quakers
Butchers, brokers, lawyers, bakers
Blacksmiths, beatmen, bulliffs, butlers
Car men, coopers, caulkers, cutlers
Drummers, drapers, drivellers, drovers
Riggers, ravers, ranters, rovers
Farmers, fiddlers, fuddlers, furniers
Carvers, clothiers, clerks, and carriers
Gownmen, grocers, gardeners, gilders
Bullies, bruisers, barbers, builders
Founders, framers, fools, refiners
Jurors, judges, jobbers, joiners
Saddlers, sweepers, singers, sailors
Tanners, turners, tinkers, tailors
Tenants, tyrants, truant, teachers
Poets, printers, painters, preachers

Tobacconists, book-binders, stone-cutte ayers
With carpenters, constables, lovers, and lawyers
Musicians, confectioners, vintners and glaziers
With inn-keepers, ink makers, hatters and braziers
Auctioneers, and attorneys, with priests and physicians,
Engravers, designers, and scribbling magicians
Shoe-makers, watch-makers, coach-makers, sail-makers

Rope-makers, chair-makers, pin-makers, pail-makers

With weighers, surveyors
Street inspectors,
Bank directors
The seller of Jewels
And the fighter of duels—

this aint more than half ov um, but what tikkled me most of awl waz a stage draw'd by fore horses, with three men making links with Zeb Howards patent stuffin Masheen by the Lord Harry, I thort I should

have done airt to see how they made the guts fly, afore they had got to the Parade ground, by the Lord they had made a chain of Links long enuff to draw a meetin hous. Thenkum along sum ol' revolution sengers they put me in mind ov ould Ginrul Stark, thur fasses lookd az hard az a pine not, un as they went along, evvry boddly boord az iph heven un airth waz kummin togethur—I knu what Vackauyshun ment, but I didnt no, exactly, whot the french revvylushun ment, so thinks I, I'e jest find out, what the divvle the french revvylushun waz about, so I got anoad frenchman, and give him a thrippyny horn, now sez I, mister — parly too, what the divvle iz the french revvylushun—then he went on un told me, that the king used to be Charles X, and when he acted, about right, the people awlaays put the X after his name but he somhow or tother got the divvle in him and wanted tu, the people awl slaves and drawd the fiddle strings so tite that they couldnt stan it no longer, so they took the big X, and instead ov putting it before, jist put it behind un kalled him X Charles. I kouldnt stan it no Longer, so says I mister mounser by jingo I see you know, a thing or tu—that wofful X, that you uzed to put before the kings Name, you jist put behind jist as wee do, in Varmount, when we want to get rid of a dog—we hang an oald tin kittle tu his tale, and he'll go as iph the divvle kikt him on eend—now sez I, when you git a king, or enny ministers in france that you dont like, jest do as you did with the king, jist fasten a big X to his tale, un I'e bet 4 pence happyny that he wont stop—till he gits out ov the kuntry. Iph I haddnt katched a Darnashun had kold, by keepen up the revvylushun, I should rite a longer letter, but I kant hardly hear myself speak, I am so darn hoarse. Give my luv tu my oald sweet hart Betty Webster, un my duty tu my kuzzen, ant nabby mahew that waz now, Deekon Bigclows wife.

Yures till deth.

JOE STRICKLAND.

Death occasioned by a Tobacco-Pipe. A short time since, a young man named William Harris, aged 19 years, very respectably connected, died in Lazarus ward, Guy's Hospital, under the following very lamentable circumstances: about a fortnight ago, the deceased, who lived with his parents at Deptford, was invited out by some of his acquaintances to spend the evening. They repaired to a tavern in the neighborhood, and the waiter was desired to bring in pipes of tobacco for the party. The deceased took one and placed it in his mouth. One of his companions who sat next him, knowing he was unused to a pipe, jocosely said, "You can't smoke," at the same moment knocking his elbow. The consequence was that the end of the pipe passed completely through his tongue, and perforated the roof of his mouth. The poor fellow in great agony screamed out, and the blood flowed in torrents from his mouth; he was assisted home almost immediately, and such was the dreadful effect of the injury, that in a few minutes after, he was unable to open his mouth, the parts had become so swollen and inflamed. Surgical aid was instantly procured, but no assistance could be afforded the sufferer, who was writhing under the most excruciating pain. He was removed to Guy's Hospital, where every thing that skill could devise was done for him, but without effect. The unfortunate sufferer was unable to swallow any nourishment, and inflammation of the parts was so rapid that his case became hopeless. After enduring the most intense sufferings, death ensued yesterday morning. Upon a post mortem examination of the mouth, a piece of the pipe, about an inch long, was discovered sticking perpendicularly at the back or roof of the tongue, almost hidden by the swollen parts.

London paper.

Deaths by Steam Explosion.—It is stated in Silliman's Journal, No. 39, that one thousand and five hundred persons have been destroyed in this country, by explosions from steam boat boilers.

The Washington Journal of the 18th inst. boasts of the green peas and lettuce which are yet daily gathered from the gardens of the Federal City.

The Season. The late mild days have induced us to remember how different was the "cold day" of 1745, when, as recorded in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia,"—the first of November,—boys were skating on the river Schuylkill; and the Delaware was frozen over at Burlington, in one night!

One hundred thousand pounds of grapes, are annually raised in the neighborhood of Boston.

From the Blackwood's Magazine.

QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

"Look out for sea, quartermaster!—Mind your starboard helm!—ease her man, ease her."

On it came, rolling as high as the foreyard, and tumbled in over the bows, green, clear, and unbroken.

It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an instant, and as I rose half smothered in the midst of a jumble of men, pigs, hencoops, and spars, I had nearly lost an eye by a floating boarding-pike that was lanced at me by the jungle of the water. As for the boats on the booms, they had all gone to sea separately, and were bobbing at us in a squadron to leeward, the launch acting as commodore, with the crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleating as she rose on the crest of a wave, came back upon us, faintly blending with the hoarse roar of the storm, and seeming to cry, "no more mutton for you my boys."

At length the lee ports were forced out—the pumps properly rigged and manned—buckets alone and at work down the hatchways; and although we had narrowly escaped being swamped, and it continued to blow hard, with a heavy sea, the men confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with ease, shaking their feathers, and quizzing each other. But anon a sudden and appalling change came over the sea and sky, that made the stoutest among us quail and draw his breath thick. The firmament darkened—the sea became black as ink—the wind fell to a dead calm—the teeming clouds descended and filled the murky arch of heaven with their whirling masses, until they appeared to touch our mast heads, but there was neither lightning nor rain, not one glancing dash nor one refreshing drop—the windows of the sky had been sealed up by Him who had said to the storm—"Peace—be still!"

During this death-like pause, infinitely more awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on board, the voices of the men, even the cracking of the bulk heads, was heard with startling distinctness; and the waterlogged brig, having no wind to steady her, labored so heavily in the trough of the sea, that we expected her mast to go overboard every moment.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieutenant Treenail to the Captain. We all looked eagerly forth in the direction indicated. There was a white line in fearful contrast with the clouds and the rest of the ocean, gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon—it grew broader—a low increasing growl was heard—a thick blinding mist came driving up astern of us, whose small drops pierced into the skin like sharp hail. "Is it rain?" "No, no—salt, salt." And now the fierce spirit of the hurricane himself, the sea Azrael in storm and in darkness, came thundering on with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels their mountainous and howling ridges into one level plain of foaming water. Our chain-plates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like plant wires, shrouds and stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, crackling before his fury like dry reeds in autumn, were blown clean out of the ship, over her bows into the sea.

Had we shown a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have blown out of the bolt rope in an instant; we had, therefore, to get her before the wind, by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose through the forehatch, pale as a ghost, with his white hairs streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clambered aft towards the capstan, to which the captain had lashed himself. "The water is rushing in forward, like a mill stream, sir; we have either started a *but*, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head." Get the boatswain to *fether* a sail then, man, and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr. Kelso." The brig was, indeed, rapidly losing her buoyancy, and when the next heavy sea arose ahead of us she gave a drunken, sickening lurch, and pitched right into it, groaning and trembling in every plank like a guilty and condemned thing in the prospect of impending punishment.

"Stand, by to heave the guns overboard!" Too late, too late—Oh God that cry!—I was stunned and drowning, a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and blue, agonized, gasping faces, and struggling arms, and colorless clenching hands, and despairing yells for help, where help was impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated

amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter, the dog and his helpless master.

For three miserable days I had been exposed, half naked and bare headed, in an open boat, without water, or food or shade. The third fierce, cloudless, West India noon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sunk in the west, like a red hot shield of iron. In my horrible extremity, I imprecated the wrath of heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty, "Oh, let me never see him rise again!" I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat: madness seized me, I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might *drink* his hot blood: it flowed, and vampire-like, I would have gorged myself, but as he turned his dull, grey, glazing eye on me, the pulses of my heart stopped and I fell senseless.

When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some fresh plantain leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining, and licking my hands and face. On the rude joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with its puddles, and over against me on the wall, hung some Indian fishing implements, and a long barbed Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat sail, in which was clumsily written, with charcoal, "The body of John Dendever, Esq. late commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop Torch."

There was a fire on the floor, at which Lieutenant Splinter, in his shirt and trousers, drenched, unshorn, and death like was roasting a joint of meat, whilst a dwarfish Indian, stark naked, sat opposite him, squatting on his hams more like a large bullfrog than a man, and fanning the flame with a palm leaf. In the dark corner of the hut half a dozen of miserable sheep shrunk huddled in ether. Through the open door I saw the stars in the deep blue heaven, and the cold beams of a newly risen moon were dancing in a long flickering *stake* of silver light, on the ever heaving bosom of the ocean, whilst the melancholy murmur of the surf breaking on the shore, came booming the gentle night wind. I had been nourished during my delirium; for the fierceness of my sufferings was assuaged, and I was comparatively strong, when I anxiously inquired of the Lieutenant of the fate of our shipmates.

"All gone down in the old Torch; and had it not been for the launch, and our four tooted friends there, I should not have been here to have told; but raw mutton with the wool on is not a mess to thrive on, Tom. All that the sharks have left of the captain and five seamen came on shore last night. I have buried the poor fellows on the beach where they lay as well as I could, with an ear blade for a shovel, and the bronze ornament there (pointing to the Indian) for an assistant."

Then he looked towards the body; and the honest fellow's voice shook as he continued:

"But seeing you were alive I thought if you did recover, it would be gratifying to both of us, after having weathered it so long, with him through gale and sunshine to lay the kind hearted old man's head on its everlasting pillow as decently as our forlorn condition permitted."

As the Lieutenant spoke, Sneezer seemed to think his watch was up, and drew off towards the fire.

Clung and furnished, the poor brute could no longer resist the temptation. But making a desperate snatch at the joint, bolted through the door with it, hotly pursued by the *bull Frog*."

"Drop the leg of mutton, Sneezer," roared the Lieutenant, "drop the mutton—drop it, sir, drop it!" THOMAS GRINGLE.

17th Sept. 1830.

AN INTELLIGENT AUDIENCE.

The following anecdote, from *Bernard's Retrospections of the stage*, is highly amusing. The simplicity of the good people of Stow Market has, however, been equalled by that of a London audience. Dunlop, in his memoirs of Cooke, tells us that upon one occasion (we forget the name of the play) when he was acting with John Kemble, at Covent Garden, a scene which belonged to the third act was by mistake played in the second. When the mistake was discovered by the actors, Cooke, in alarm, said to Kemble, "Jack what is to be done?" "Play the omitted scene of the second act in the third," said Kemble, and we did so, says Cooke; and the best of the joke is, that the critics of the pit never found it out.

Mr. Bernard says—"Mr. Scott, my fellow hero in the company at Stow Market, being a mason, was in the habit of delivering an entertainment of "Readings and Recitations," whenever he stumbled upon a village that contained a lodge. On the Monday we were going to perform the *Bold stroke for a Wife*,

in which he did the *Colonel*. He had quitted us on Saturday, to take a survey of the country; with the promise of returning to rehearse on the "play day." He did not keep his word; but as we knew him to be "dead perfect," (having played the piece before,) and he was proverbial for punctuality, this gave us no concern: his part was read. About three o'clock, however, a rough-headed, red-faced, ragamuffin of a ploughboy arrived with a note from an adjacent village, where it appeared the whole community had risen up to detain him among them that evening, for the gratification of attending his *Readings*." Such a particular case, he hoped, would plead his excuse; and he therefore sent us *timely* notice, in order that we might change the play. As we had no leisure at this period to discuss the question of Mr. Scott's generosity in this conduct, a general council of the company ensued, to act upon his advice, and decide what performance should be substituted. After canvassing the merits and peculiarities of twenty pieces, *The Orphan* appeared to be the least difficult and we fixed upon it. Two other queries were now to be considered, whether, and how, we should acquaint the public with the change. Mr. Osborne remarked that as we expected a full house to the comedy—(the title, as well as that of *A Bold stroke for a Husband*, being very attractive in small country towns, where there are a great many unmarried young people,) he feared that the announcement of a tragedy would turn money from the doors; and as that event was less desirable to the company than the public enlightenment, it was decided on *non con*, that "the Orphan" should be represented instead of the "Bold Stroke," but without any promulgation: thus leaving it to the critical acumen of our audience to distinguish between *Thalia* and *Melpomene*! The melt came—the house filled—the curtain went up—the play went on moreover, it went down; not a whisper was breathed—not a fan agitated—not a hand struck its fellow; one would have thought not a heart beat—all was observation and quietude as usual—dead and deep!—the spectators gazing upon us as though we were certain unearthly appearances, or more exactly like the people of a city to the Arabian Nights," who were suddenly converted into stone; the same raising of the brow, dropping of the jaw, propping of the chin, and setting of the eye, continuing from the commencement to the close of the act. On this occasion, however, we were not inclined to murmur at their silence; fearing, on the contrary, that the first exclamation would be to our detection, and consequently the rousing of the sleeping lion to our disgrace. But fate willed it otherwise. The play proceeded—the actors went on and off—and nothing occurred to disturb either the looks or positions of the audience, till in the midst of the fourth act when (as *Castalia*) addressing *Monimia* a maid, exclaimed in reply to her refusal to admit me,

"By heaven! I'll scale the window, and get in by force, let the glad consequences be what they may!"

at which an old maiden lady, in a high-crowned critical cap, with spectacles on her nose, and her peaked chin propped on an ivory-headed cane, (who had sat us mute and motionless all the evening as the rest,) suddenly relaxed her fixidity, and exclaimed, giving three emphatic taps with her staff—"Bravo, young man—bravo—that's a bold stroke for a wife, indeed!" Whether it was the example of so respectable a person, or a general concurrence in the justice of her criticism, I know not—but the impulse was electrical—the train was fired; tongues, hands and heels, loosened to their welcome office, and a universal explosion of approbation took place. *Castalia* was at length obliged to rise from his supplications to *Monimia*, and return thanks to the public; thus eminently consoled in the extraordinary aversion of the other!

HISTORY OF LYNN. We have just received part 4th of the history of our neighboring town of Lynn, by Alonzo Lewis. It presents an agreeable sketch of the origin, rise and progress of this thriving town, both civil and religious; and will be read with great interest by those who feel an interest in that town, and by historical readers generally. We present our readers a sample of the work in an extract relating to Goody Pitcher, the fortune-teller. Who has not heard of Molly Pitcher? Who that has heard of her without awe? Who of her neighboring contemporaries ever thought of the Sybil without feeling a kind of "secret dread and an inward horror of falling into" her displeasure. The seaman was loth to launch forth into the deep—the adventurer in the lottery would not purchase—the loser of silver spoons would not rest—the love-sick maiden would not slumber in tranquillity—all she and each of the rest in turn had repaired to the hovel opposite to the "bones of the great whale," and consulted the renowned

MOLL PITCHER.

The celebrated Mary Pitcher, a professed

fortune-teller, died on the ninth of April, 1813, at the age of 75 years. Her grandfather, John Diamond, lived at Marblehead, and was for many years celebrated for the exercise of the same pretensions. She was married to Robert Pitcher, of Lynn, in 1760, and had several children. This person has been more celebrated than any individual of her class in modern times. Not only was her name known in most towns throughout the United States, but probably there is not a port in Europe, visited by American ships, that has not heard of the skill of "Moll Pitcher." Many persons came from places far remote, to consult with her on affairs of love or loss of property; or to obtain her surmises respecting the vicissitudes of their future fortune. Every youth who was not assured of the reciprocal affection of his fair one, and every maid who was desirous of anticipating the hour of her highest felicity, repaired at evening to the humble dwelling of Molly Pitcher; which stood on what was then a lonely road, near the foot of High Rock, with a single habitation nearly opposite, at the gate of which stood two bones of the great whale, which the waves of ocean, in the liberality of their power, had cast upon the beach. To that place also were seen repairing, sailors from the neighboring commercial towns, who were desirous of ascertaining the probable success of their future voyages. Many a reputable merchant too, of whose treasure the courier of intelligence had not brought the expected information, and being fearful of betraying the nature of his business by inquiring directly for "Moll Pitcher," has raised a smile by asking in what part of the town he should find the bones of the great whale. Her skill was principally exercised for the discovery of things lost, either material objects which had been mislaid or purloined, or the affections of some disconsolate fair one, which had taken the advantage of some favorable opportunity to elope. Her power of evil, if she possessed any, was never exerted unless to punish such delinquents as refused to pay her for the knowledge which she pretended to impart. Some instances have been related, in which she has evinced an unusual degree of discernment; while in others her assertions have had no relation to facts, but appear to have been the result of mere guess work and presumption. Her only ostensible means of obtaining secret knowledge, was the simple use of tea grounds poured into a cup; and as the grains were disposed in a peculiar manner, or assumed a particular form, so she judged of the things to which she fancied a resemblance. She also availed herself of every ordinary information, particularly by causing one of her domestics to talk with her visitors, to elicit the nature of their business, while she remained in an adjoining room to be absent. These arts, added to her natural shrewdness, and readiness to receive the slightest hint which might assist in her surmises, appear to have constituted the whole amount of her power. Her sagacity bore no proportion to the infatuation of those who trusted to it. She seems even to have admitted this, especially in one instance, when some gentlemen offered her a large sum, if she would inform them what ticket would draw the highest prize in a certain lottery. "Do you think," said she, "if I knew, I should not buy it myself?" What ever may have been the witchcraft recognized in the Hebrew law, whether an actual communication with evil spirits, or the practice of deception by means of false pretensions, an impartial investigation of the facts respecting "Moll Pitcher," justifies the conclusion that her skill had no other foundation, than the practice of uncommon arts, assisted by an unusual degree of shrewdness and discernment.

Boston Centinel.

A GHOST.

It was about the eventful year 1800, when the Emperor Paul laid his ill-judged embargo on British trade, that my friend Mr. Wm. Clerk, on a journey to London, found himself in company, in the mail coach, with a sea-faring man of middle age and respectable appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade, and a sufferer by the embargo. In the course of the desultory conversation which takes place on such occasions the seaman observed, in compliance with the common superstition, I wish we may have good luck on our journey—there is a magpie, and why should that be unlucky? said my friend. "I cannot tell you that," replied the sailor; "but all the world agrees that one magpie bodes bad luck—two are not so bad, but three are the devil. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I had near lost my vessel, and the second I fell from a horse, and was hurt." This conversation led Mr. Clerk to observe, that he supposed he believed also in ghosts, since he credited such auguries. "And if I do," said the sailor, "I may have my own reason for doing so; and he spoke this in a deep and serious manner, implying that he felt deeply what he was saying. On being further urged he confessed, that if he could believe his own eyes, there

was one ghost at least which he had seen repeatedly. He then told his story as I now relate it. Our mariner, had in his youth, gone mate of a slave vessel from Liverpool, of which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of variable temper, sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humour, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike to one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the licence which sailors take in merchant vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail. The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat by leaving his duty to other people. The man made a saucy answer, almost amounting to mutiny—on which, in a towering passion the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took aim at the supposed mutineer, fired and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, 'Sir you have done for me; but I will never leave you.' The captain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown into the slave kettle, where they made food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died; his body was actually thrown into the slave kettle; and the narrator observed, with a naïveté which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, 'There was not much fat about him after all.' The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed; and as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two he came to the mate, and demanded, if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home. The mate who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair and got his liberty. When he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with the idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of duty, especially if a sail was to be hoisted, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out on the yard before any of the crew. The narrator, had seen this apparition himself repeatedly; he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, dared not call his attention to it. Thus they held on their course homeward with great fear and anxiety. At length the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favor, to go down into the cabin and take a glass of grog with him. In this interview he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. 'I would not need tell you Jack,' he said, 'what sort of hand we have got on board with us—he told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word; you only see him now and then, but he is always by my side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him—I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you.' The mate replied that his leaving the vessel while out of the sight of any land was impossible. He advised that if the captain apprehended any bad consequence from what had happened, he should run for the west of France or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave him, the mate, to carry the vessel into Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily, and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment the mate was called to the deck for some purpose or other, and the instant he got up the companion-ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side, saw the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter-gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprang half out of the water, and slapped his hands towards the mate, calling, 'By heaven! Bill is with me now!' and then sunk, to be seen no more."

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

The name of Edward Livingston stands recorded among the representatives of the State of New-York, in the congress, which assembled in December, 1795. He left the house on the 3d of March, 1801. Soon afterwards he exchanged his residence from New-York to New-Orleans; and from the 1st December, 1823, to the 24 of March, 1827, he was one of the representatives of the state of Louisiana. In 1829, he was appointed a member of the United States Senate, as successor to Mr. Boulogne, and his term of service will expire on the 3d of March, 1835.

Mr. Livingston has obtained a high reputation as a jurist, and his attempt, to reform the

criminal code has produced tributes to his talents and his philanthropy from nations the most distinguished for their power and their wisdom. The whole of his long life exhibits a series of mental efforts, the main object of which has been the promotion of national and individual happiness and virtue; and his name stands associated with the public benefactors of the country. Intimately acquainted with political history; an observer of all, and an actor in some of the greatest events that have transpired within the last half century, Mr. Livingston's public speeches always interest his auditors, more, perhaps from the mass of information which they present, than from any great superiority in the style in which it is presented.

The person of Mr. Livingston is tall, although he is now a little bent with the weight of years. His brow carries on it the most irresistible evidence of a life devoted to mental labor. In his speaking, he seems to study succinctness more than embellishment; and his voice is sonorous, his accentuation precise, his whole style simple and his manner peculiarly emphatic. *National Journal.*

Violent deaths of distinguished writers of antiquity. By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the illustrious writers of antiquity were prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heracles were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus ended his career by the halter. Empedocles was lost in the crater of Mount Etna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies. Archibius and Ibycus by banditti. Sappho threw herself from a precipice. Aeschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise from the claws of an eagle. Anacreon (as might be expected) owed his death to the juice of the vine. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander, who was drowned. Seneca and Lucan were condemned to death by a tyrant, cut their veins and died repeating their own verses; and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucræti, it is said, wrote under the dominion of a philtre administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days of both Socrates and Demosthenes; and Cicero fell under the proscription of the triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, professed votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them. Philemon died of laughter. Entering a room to eat figs, he found an ass leisurely devouring them one by one; to complete the repast he ordered a slave to present a goblet of wine to his long-eared guest. The ridiculous effect provoked so violent a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle. *Blond's Greek Anthology.*

SELECTED POETRY.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

She loved him—just as modern ladies love;
Admired his figure on a rainy day,
And suffered him to reach her linen glove;
She liked him present; if he stayed away
She did not miss him. "Men were meant to rove,"
Was still her theme: "To honour, and obey,"
She had no thought of; but she looked on marriage
As something requisite to keep a carriage!

And he liked her—as much as creatures can
Who live at balls, and vegetate by night;
Not useless, since they serve to hold a fan;
Whose heads are heavy, while their heels are light;
Who, wanting other titles, are called—Man!
Yet ladies liked him, he was so polite;
'Twas strange how favour from manna he won;
And yet not strange,—he was an eldest son.

He met her first at some prodigious rout,
Where all the world was vying it a bore;
She was a beauty, having just come out—
That is, she had rehearsed her part before,
And now performed it, with great skill no doubt,
She knew her points, and that the dress she wore
Set off her figure; thanks to prints and pans,
Padding conceals a multitude of sins!

Ball followed ball; they often danced together,
And though they said but little to each other,
Talking of novels, music, and the weather,
And such ball themes, he called upon her mother—
Who heard him make proposals in "high feather,"
And introduced him to her son, his brother
That was to be—and all were quite elate;
For he'd a title and a good estate!

The fair betrothed then sought thy street, Long Acre,
To choose the shape and colour of her carriage;
I know not why, but somehow a coach-maker
Appears to me, in my loose view of marriage,
A kind of matrimonial undertaker.

By this I've no intention to disparage
That blessed state, which many a damed enters
Not knowing why—our mothers are such Mentors.

The day was fixed, the dejeuner was spread,
While bride's maids simpered in their Brussels lace;
The bride shed tears at first, then bowed her head,
And tho' how great a change would soon take place
(From a small French, to a large four-post bed!)
Though none might read her thoughts upon her face,
Indeed her feelings were not quite intelligible;
One thing she felt—her husband was quite "eligible!"

The marriage service soon was blundered o'er;
Congratulations round the room were peating;
The travelling-chariot waited at the door—
But first the bride must do a "bit of feeling."

And so she gently sank upon the floor,
In a position such as players deal in:
A graceful attitude for loveliness,
And so contrived, as not to spoil her dress!

At length they started, he and his fair prize—
A Prize! she proved a blank. Sad stern reality
Makes happiest things seem hideous; they grew wise—
He cured of love, and she of her morality.
So throwing off the trouble-some disguise,
She ran away—like other folks of quality;
Leaving her lord (she left him not a jewel)
A drive to Doctor's Commons—and a duel!

Whittaker's Monthly Magazine.

ODE

For the Celebration of the French Revolution
In the city of New-York, Nov. 26, 1830.

Written at the request of the Printers of New-York,
By SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Printer.

TUNE—"Marsellus Hymn."

O'er regal domes, renown'd in story,
The trial banner proudly waves;
And France resumes the march of glory,
Her gallant sons on longer slaves.
With tyrants vainly had they pledg'd—
But when the PRESS in thunder spoke,
It burst their chains with lightning stroke,
And peace and liberty succeeded.

CHORUS.

Then swell the choral strain,
To hail the blest decree,
Rejoice! Rejoice! the PRESS shall reign,
And all the world be free.

All hail, renown'd chivalric nation!
Land of the olive and the vine;
Inspired with kindred emulation,
Our bosoms glow with joy like thine.
Columbia's grateful sons can never
Forget that in her darkest hour
She owed to Gallie arms the power
To disenthral her PRESS for ever.

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
The day which saw the sceptre shiver'd,
And hail'd Columbia truly free,
From every bidding free delivered,
We consecrate to joy and thee:
For tyrants trouble now before thee,
And a free PRESS, the beacon light
That burst upon oppression's night.
Has spread eternal glory o'er thee.

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
Thy chartered rights with lawless daring,
Beneath oppressors' feet were trod,
Till startled despots heard, despairing,
The people's voice, the voice of God!
Their sovereignty was loudly spoken,
The PRESS proclaimed it to the world—
Till Freedom's ensign waved unfurl'd,
And Gallie's glowing chains were broken.

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
Thy gallant band of youthful heroes,
Roused by their bleeding country's prayers,
Undaunted hurl'd on ruthless Neros
The vengeance due to crimes like theirs.
Too late they seek their fatal error—
Their hireling guards by thousands fall
The PRESS resigns its types for ball,
And despatches the scene in terror!

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
Their deeds shall live in deathless story,
And song preserve their chaplets green,
Yet still the brightest rays of glory
Circle one globe-like brow serene.
Tis his, whose youthful valour aided
Columbia's cause, when hostile bands
Were laying waste her fairest lands,
And all her blooming hopes were faded.

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
Immortal LA FAYETTE, we hail thee,
The friend of equal rights on earth;
Though servile tools of kings assail thee,
Columbia knows and owns thy worth,
Thou first of heroes, best of sages,
The glorious chaplet thou hast won,
Disciple of our WASHINGTON,
Shall bloom like his for endless ages.

Then swell the choral strain, &c.
The foregoing Ode was printed on a movable stage, on the 26th of November, 1830, and distributed to the citizens during the procession in honor of the triumph of liberal principles in France. It was afterwards sung, on a platform erected for that purpose, in the centre of Washington-square, by the vocalists of the Park Theatre, accompanied by the whole orchestra of that establishment.

VARIETY.

William IV. The following, and regularly authentic anecdote ought not to remain buried in oblivion. A gentleman who had held the commission of First Lieutenant when his Majesty sailed in the British navy as midshipman, and Sir Richard Keats held the same rank, became some years after by untoward events, embarrassed in his circumstances. His Majesty meeting his old Lieutenant, then become captain, and seeing him much dejected, inquired anxiously the cause, which was, after some hesitation, communicated to him. He was deeply hurt at seeing an old shipmate in distress, and inquired if he had applied to a wealthy relative for his assistance. The Captain told him he had, but was refused, and upon hearing which he said, "I will solicit a loan of him for you." This he did and his Royal Highness was as unsuccessful as his friend. Disappointed by the rich man's refusal, but determined to carry his point, he sent the Captain an invitation to breakfast, which being concluded, his Majesty withdrew from the apartment, and did not return, but he sent by his secretary an apology to the Captain, and, in an envelope, a check upon his banker for 2,000*l.* which amount it was subsequently

discovered he had borrowed for the purpose, having no money of his own at his command. The Captain, delighted and surprised, hastened to discharge with this princely consideration the obligation incurred, and shortly waited upon his Royal Highness with his grateful acknowledgments, and a bond for the advance. Upon the latter being given to his Majesty, he instantly destroyed it, saying, "I cannot hold this instrument, George, for I intended this check as a present to your wife and children." *London paper.*

The Parson and the Devil. In New-Jersey, not a century ago, a young clergyman went to pay a visit to a senior brother parson, who resided on the sea coast. During his stay he was invited by his friend to go a fishing, to this he readily acceded, and as they were proceeding on their excursion, asked what kind of fish, they would be likely to take. His friend replied, that they might get some devil fish. After trying some time they hooked a large devil, who immediately ran off, and dragged the boat with considerable velocity. The senior parson bursts out into a hearty laugh, while his friend, apparently much alarmed, inquired the cause of his laughter. The oldest gentleman replied, he was laughing at the devil's running away with two parsons. *Boston Masonic Mirror.*

Travelling in the air. At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Navier read a paper in refutation of a work by M. Chabrier on aerial travelling. M. Navier proves, by inquiries and experiments, as to the motion of birds in the air, that if a man were able to put together at once all the physical power which he has in eight hours, it would not be sufficient to support him with any mechanical apparatus in the air for five minutes. He considers therefore, all the ideas advanced on this subject as chimerical.

Beautiful Remark. A venerable gentleman lately conversing with a friend upon religious topics, said, "I have no time to pray." "Ay, sir!" replied the other, gravely, and with an ominous glance of reproof, "does the world and its affairs yet occupy so entirely your thoughts and time?" "No, no," rejoined the good old man, "heaven forbid! but I have not time to pray, because it is all occupied in thanksgiving." *Atheneum.*

The Camden Journal, in answer to the request of the Ladies' Magazine to exchange, says, "Why to be sure we will, Madam. Did you ever know one of your countrymen to refuse a 'swap' when he could get the best of the bargain?"

The papers speak of a petrified Forest discovered in Missouri. We have petrifications in New England, commencing in December and ending in March. They are with us when winter

"Emblies each visage,
Bridles up the floods,
And periwigs with snow
The bald-pate woods." *Bost. Palladium.*

An outline. When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace. Charles Townsend being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

Irish Pugnacity. At the trial of a butcher of Downham in Lancashire on Saturday last, for stealing a cow, there was some difficulty in identifying the skin; but the owner swore boldly to it, from some hurts that were in it. "He was sure it was his cow, for she was an Irish cow, and had been fighting the day before she was stolen."

It can hardly be expected runaway matches will end happily—as a female will seldom preserve gentleness and obedience to her husband, when she has exhibited such a want of them to the authors of her being.

What we know thoroughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. We have heard a common blacksmith eloquent when the welding of iron has been the theme.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms. *Lavater.*

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all. *Id.*

As thrashing separates corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue. *Barton.*

Why did the French people lose more by the late revolution than Charles X. did? Because they lost a sovereign, and he only lost a crown.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter dated New-York, Nov. 27. "Yesterday the great celebration took place, in honor of the late French Revolution. In the evening, all the public places were crowded to excess, but none like old Drury, (the Park Theatre.) The house was so full, that the Orchestra was cleared of musicians and filled with ladies! Each side of the Stage was full of men, and behind the Scenes—they were let through from the front, in consequence of the rush in the lobby. The noise was tremendous—the ladies got frightened, and left the house in large numbers. Master Burke performed Richard, but the house did not get still and composed until the 5th Act. He delighted them, and he is, without exception, the greatest prodigy of the age—he can play tragedy or comedy; and when he is off the stage, appears pleasant and playful like other children of his age. I have become quite acquainted with him; he is not forward as you would suppose him, but quite the reverse. The house had \$1900 in it! Old Drury was never so full before."

Boston Transcript.

Major Henry Lee, the rejected and recalled Consul General at Algiers, is on his return to the United States. He brings with him, it is said, treasures to an immense amount, deposited with him for safe keeping by wealthy Algerines, during the siege of the city. By his commissions, and by falling heir to the killed, wounded, and missing, he has, according to report, amassed an immense fortune.

Boston Pall.

The Lord's Day.—Dr. Wayland, in his letter on the Sabbath, has this sentence—"And we are, moreover, free to admit, that we do not perceive that the New Testament appoints which day in the seven is to be observed. And here we believe that this is left under the new dispensation to the conscience of the worshipper. He who worships in the Spirit, worships acceptably to God, whether he chooses the seventh day, or the first."

Benjamin Constant, in a pamphlet which he published in 1814 on the Responsibility of Ministers, held the following language, susceptible of being applied to the case of Polignac:

National Gazette.

"The death, nay, even the capacity of a man has never been necessary to the safety of the people, for the safety of a people ought to be in itself. A nation which should fear the life or the liberty of a Minister deprived of his power, would be a miserable nation; it would resemble those slaves who killed their masters, for fear they should come again with the whip in their hands."

Report says that Mr. Wright, who was in the habit of entering the cage with a Lion and Lioness, was killed during a late exhibition in Cincinnati. He had trained the animals himself, and had been in the habit regularly, of entering their cage without apprehension, and apparently without risk. On the occasion referred to, however, he was seized by the Lioness, and before he could be released was so much injured that he died shortly after.

Pittsburgh Statesman.

National Magazine; or Lady's Emporium.—This is the title of a monthly publication, issued in Baltimore by Mrs. Barney—the first number of which is now before us. We would give it but a faint praise, did we only say that it is highly respectable. It will rank among the most dignified productions of our land, and whilst (as we hope,) it yields a golden harvest to its talented editor, may prove that the ladies in our city are pre-eminent in literary taste.

Baltimore Minerva.

Horrible. The Philadelphia Inquirer mentions that two young men, brothers, and the sons of a respectable physician in that city, during a gunning excursion on Saturday last, and when in the neighborhood of Bristol, fell into some slight difference, when the younger brother became enraged, drew a dagger, and plunged it to the heart of the elder, who expired almost instantly.

A dashing widow, of great beauty, *et cetera* accidentally fell from a boat in the deepest part of Saratoga Lake, where upon three of her admirers all of whom had the dyspepsia, jumped in; determined to rescue her or perish. What renders the affair more remarkable, the lady floated on the surface without the least danger, whereas the gentleman would all certainly have gone to the bottom, had not one of them climbed to the top of her hat, and the other two taken refuge in her sleeve.

A foolish couple having lately gone before a justice in Delaware, to be married, he wound up the ceremony with "I do—because you as man and wife."

The good effect of abuse.—Northcote related an anecdote of Mr. Moore (brother of the general) who was on board an English frigate in the American war, and coming in sight of another vessel which did not answer their signals, they expected an action, when the captain called his men together, and addressed them in the following manner:—"You dirty, ill-looking blackguards! do you suppose I can agree to deliver up such a set of scarecrows as you as prisoners to that smart frippery Frenchman? I can't think of such a thing. No! by G—, you must fight till not a man of you is left, for I should be ashamed of owning such a ragamuffin crew!" This was received with loud shouts, and assurances of victory.

Conversations of James Northcote.

A Doctor Newman has been delivering philosophical lectures in Winchester, Virginia. He asserts, that the Newtonian theory of the Universe is unphilosophical, erroneous and absurd.

The N. H. Palladium says that "a facetious person by the name of New, had his first child christened something New. When his second child was born, it was christened nothing, as this was nothing new."

The late king of England lives in the memory of the people as "Gentleman George." The present monarch is made popular by the familiar appellation of "Marinerbill."

DIED.

In Portland, on Monday Morning, Hon. Daniel Noble of Willimstown, Mass. aged 51. Mr. Noble arrived here on the 10th inst. & very indisposed—Though remote from his family, and in the midst of strangers, he received every attention which skill and unwearied assiduity, and the kindest attentions of those about him could afford. Mr. Noble was a man of great respectability, filled several important offices, and his loss will be severely felt through the whole circle.

LOW, WINDUST, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their former patronage and support, he likewise begs to inform them that he has re-opened his old establishment Shakespeare House, No. 11 Park Row, near the Theatre; he has for the last three months been making alterations in the most superior Grecian order, he has employed the first artists in the city to complete the house, and does not hesitate to say, that it is the most splendid place of the kind in the Union. He has also spared no expense in enlarging the Rooms for the convenience of those Gentlemen who may favor him with a call; his Larder will be furnished with every delicacy of the season, his Bar with Wines and Liquors of the choicest brands, and he trusts by his own attention with civil and attentive waiters, again to merit the patronage, of a discerning public.

N. B. Dinner and Supper Parties accommodated in the best manner. A Private entrance from Ann street, opposite the egress door in the Museum.

3 mo.

Dec 4

NOTHING LIKE IT!!!

OFFICIAL Drawing of the New-York Lottery, Extra Class No. 33, for 1830.

Drawn December 2.

26 15 33 57 5 1 48 40 10 31
AGAIN! AGAIN! AGAIN!!! & AGAIN!!!
Another \$10,000 Prize, being the fourth within a few weeks. Combination 1 40 48 the highest Capital prize of \$10,000 actually sold by Sylvester to a lady of this city, who is respectfully solicited to call and receive the cash in the Lottery drawn on Thursday last, 2d inst. Such a continued run of good luck never attended any other office.

To Distant Adventurers.

Fellow will be found a list of New-York Lotteries to be drawn in this city.

Date.	Class.	Highest Prizes.	Price.
8.	Extra 34.	20,000, 10,000, &c.	\$5
16.	Extra 35.		
		\$30,000	
		\$20,000	
		\$10,000	
		50 of 1,000	
		65 of 500	
		TICKETS \$10.	
Dec. 22.	Extra 37.	Four of 10,000 &c.	\$5
29.	Extra 37.	20,000, 10,000 &c.	\$5

Orders for any of the above, will meet the same attention as on personal application if addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York.

Pistoneus are wanted at the highest price, also, Washington and Warren Bank Notes and Certificates.

LOGIERIAN MUSICAL ACADEMY.

(414 Broadway, opposite Lispenard-street.)

MR. BROWN, coadjutor to Mr. Logier, the founder of the new system of Musical Education, has been appointed by Mr. Logier as the accredited professor for introducing his system into the city of New-York. Mr. Browne introduced the Logierian system of Music into the city of Boston, and continued to instruct more than two hundred ladies of the first circles in society, for nearly three years with decided approbation—adopted Logier's system in Europe in 1816; and from a long experience in delivering his Lectures on Theoretical and Practical Harmony, Composition and Analysis, is enabled to lead his pupils from the first rudiments of the laws of harmony, to its most abstruse combinations. This system combines every branch of a liberal, rational and demonstrative science, with the most perfect system for acquiring the true notions of executing on the "Piano Forte," &c. &c. This system is peculiarly adapted for colleges and ladies' boarding schools—and is established by law in the Germanic provinces, by the express command of the king of Prussia. The accredited professors of which have received diplomas.

THE ART OF DANCING. Mr. Charruau respectfully acquaints his patrons, the ladies and gentlemen, that his dancing School will reopen at the assembly room, City Hotel, on Monday, the 25th Oct inst. Days of attendance, Monday and Saturday, at half past 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the ladies, at 6 in the evening for the younger class of gentleman, and at 8 for the elder class. The Cotillon Party on every Tuesday evening, to commence the first Tuesday of November. Terms of tuition, &c. can be ascertained at Mr. C's, White st. where the subscription books are open for those who will favor him with their subscription.

D. C. 1

FOR THE CURE OF THE TOOTHACHE.

THE subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the "Tooth-Ache," "Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber a cure is guaranteed.

The original certificate of the patient, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's office, No. 5 Chambers street.

JONATHAN DODGE.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated 'Tooth-Ache Drops' are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. JONATHAN DODGE, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 5 Chambers street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call on above and have the disease eradicated, and the pain entirely and forever removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-sello, there ever have been, and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that 'White's Tooth-Ache Drops,' prepared by himself, Thomas White, the patentee, can at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 5 Chambers street.

New York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830.

THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

DR. H. C. THORP'S celebrated Carminative or Panacea, for the cure of almost every disease arising from the impurity of the blood, as may be seen by a large number of certificates that have been and have not been published, but are in the possession of the proprietor, to exhibit to all those interested; among which are certificates where have been cured king's evil, salt rheum, dyspepsia, disease of the liver and lungs, rheumatism of long standing, sore throat, ague and fever, diarrhoea, and many others.

The proprietor would inform his agents and consumers, that they may have a constant supply of the above article, on application at No. 131 Walker-st. The price of the above article is \$1 50 cents per bottle, and a liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

CERTIFICATE.

"The certificates that I have for several years past, labored under a severe dyspepsia, during which time I have had an attack of the apoplexy, and after trying a number of Panaceas and other medicines to no effect, I was informed of Dr. Thorp's Carminative, when I procured a bottle of it and found immediate relief; and after taking the second bottle I feel myself in perfect health, and recommend the medicine to all those afflicted."

JAMES PARKER, No. 20 1-2 Bowery, N. Y.

JAMES CONNER offers for sale, at his Type and Stereotype Foundry, 107 Nassau-street, Printing Types, at six months' credit, or 7 1-2 per cent. deduction for cash, at the prices affixed.

His type will be found as perfect, and made of as good materials, at least, as that manufactured at any other establishment. It is nearly all of an entire NEW CUT: is lighter faced than any other now exhibited, and will consequently wear longer, look better, take less ink, and less labor in working, than most other type.

Leads of every thickness and size constantly kept on hand; Cuts of every description on metal bodies; Presses, and all other articles necessary for a printing office, furnished to order.

Printers can be supplied with second-hand type, which has only been used for stereotyping, on very favorable terms.

Old type received in exchange at \$9 per 100 lbs. N. B. Stereotyping of every description will be thankfully received, and attended to with correctness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

Publishers of papers that will insert the above three lines will be entitled to receive \$2, on settlement of their accounts, or in any type cast at this foundry, provided four times the amount is purchased.

Dec. 5

ALLEN W. DODGE, ATTORNEY AT LAW has taken an Office in the Building No. 49 Wall-street. All business entrusted to him will receive the most prompt and faithful attention.

New-York, Nov. 13

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, the loss of their teeth, to his admirable IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unique educated patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as beautiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed, on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus tartar, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting flavor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumblis, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and care.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON.

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth."

No. 5 Chambers street.

NEW YORK, October, 1830

HAGNER'S Vegetable Panacea and *Angeline Saler*, for strengthening the system.

THIS medicine is undoubtedly the best specific ever invented, and it has never in any instance failed of effecting a cure of the King's Evil, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, White Swelling, Salt Rheum, Rose Cancors, and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood.

Among a great number of certificates are the following, which may be seen and the medicines supplied with proper directions and advice, on application to Mrs. J. Hagner, No. 31, Grand-street, N. Y. Price 2 dollars per bottle for the Panacea, and 50 cents per box for the saler.

This is to certify that my son was afflicted with the King's Evil. I came to New-York, and bought medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which made a perfect cure.

RIVERHEAD, L. I. JOHN T. WELLS

This is to certify that I was afflicted with the King's Evil for 14 years, I applied to a number of physicians; I took Swains Panacea; all to no purpose. I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she made a perfect cure. I have been well ever since last March three years.

PHEBE BAILEY, 100 Mott-street.

This is to certify that one of my children was afflicted with the King's Evil for five years, during which time he was attended by the first medical men, without any effect, and then I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she effected a cure, and there has not been any symptoms for two years and a half.

DAVID ROFF, Newark N. J.

This is to certify that my child was afflicted with the King's Evil, and after trying many things recommended, and the skill of two physicians, and to no effect, bought the above medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which effected a perfect cure. There have not been any symptoms since the year Oct. 9, 1827.

ABEL WOOLSEY, 35 Pump-street N. Y.

CHARLES MAULEY, UPHOLSTERER No. 342 Greenwich-Street, (between Harrison & Provost-Streets,) New-York, has constantly on hand an assortment of French paper Hangings & Borders, warranted Feather Beds, Hair & Moss Mattresses, Easy & Bed Chairs, Silk Fringes & Ornaments. Curtains made in the most fashionable manner. Piano Fronts, Old Sofas, Easy Chairs, Chair Seats, Mattresses, and Cushions neatly repaired.

Carpets made and put down in the neatest manner.

CLANTON LUNCH.

Corner of Broadway and Liberty-Street.

The Public are most respectfully informed that the above Establishment has been fitted up in a superior manner, as an Eating and Refreshment House, where Plates of every description the market affords, will be served up in a style not inferior to any other Establishment of the kind in the city, for one sitting, including vegetables.

Hot Coffee, Beef Steaks, Oysters, &c. during all hours of the day, until 12 o'clock at night.

It being in this immediate vicinity of the business part of the City, and so convenient for Steamboat Passengers, and men of business, it is hoped it will be found a public accommodation, and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage.

JOHN NELLY,

Nov. 27

621

BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE, 616 Broad way, two doors from Bleecker-street, RANDOLL'S HARMONIC PARTY will take place on Monday evening next, **December 6, 1830.** Admittance 12 1-2 cents, with a **Refreshment Ticket.** To commence at half past 7 o'clock.

W. R. assures the residents of the upper part of the city, that a rational evening's entertainment will be afforded to such as patronise him. Songs and Glees will be introduced by several professors, and arrangements will be made, if encouraged in his exertion to combine musical talent of a superior order for that evening during the season.

Nov. 20

1831

FRESH IMPO- TATION of ten enormous Serpents and six Camellions, and other subjects of Natural History at the GRAND EXHIBITION OF LIVING CROSTIES, J. COPS, 390 Broadway, between White and Walker-streets, most respectfully informs the public of New-York, that he has for their inspection some of the most beautiful and rare works of creation ever before produced in the United States consisting of the **GRAND ANACONDA or MOUNTAIN SERPENT, commonly called the Terror of Ceylon, and is allowed to be one of the most voracious of all the serpent tribe, one of the most beautiful; in a wild state its habits are similar to those of a Tiger, yet now perfectly harmless, so that a child may play with it; also, the real **Oriental Cobra or Diamond Snake**, of Shandernagun. The markings of this beautiful Oriental Reptile is striking, and well defined from the other species. The Hibabuea or Golden Headed Snake of Sum, and the Ichneumon, or Snake Destroyer; of this industrious animal you will find accounts, as Natural History is bringing forth every day fresh subjects to illustrate the wonderful works of an overruling power, what can we say, when one animal is brought to destroy the other, but the keeper will explain the whole of this vague exhibition to each of the company. Also, the Egyptian Camellion. This astonishing animal differs from all the Lizard tribe, and surpasses all imagination, having the extraordinary power of changing its colour, as also that truly surprising serpent, the Great Boa Constrictor of Java, which has been known to swallow Deers, Bulls, and even Tigers; likewise that rare snake called the Liberator or Tri-coloured Serpent. It is a native of Terra del Fuego, though often named by the ancients, has been rarely met with; its colours are to be admired and it is perfectly harmless. The Rock Serpent of Bengal; a beautiful nine Braided Ananilla, or Hag in Armour; and Ogotara from Java; the Dolphin Headed Viper of Parthagenia; the Red Flamingo from Parrinilla; the Golden Pheasant from China, which for elegance of form and splendour of plumage surpasses the Bird of Paradise. The above is accompanied with the silver Pheasant of China, from which birds the game fowls originated, and several large Alligators from the Mississippi. A great variety of Birds of the most splendid plumage and exquisite song for sale. The Head of a New-Zealand Chief. It is most beautifully preserved, which is a common practice when taken in war by the different tribes of the country; the body is in general eaten by the natives; it was that of Haxanay, a chief of a numerous tribe on the east cape of New-Zealand and one of the perpetrators of the massacre of the ship's company of the *Agassiz* in 1816, when all were murdered except five of the crew, (one is still alive, the account was lately published in England,) and the head now shown is that of the chief.**

Hours of exhibition from ten in the morning till nine o'clock in the evening. Admittance 25 cents; children half price. N. B. The utmost value given for all kinds of Birds, Quadrupeds, and Reptiles, by J. COPS.

EVER-PONT PENCILS, Wholesale and Retail, at L. L. COHEN'S, 71 William street, Manufacturer of the Leads for the above pencils. Importer of British Fancy Stationery, 15.

MRS. SCHULTS, No. 53 Broadway, is anxious to give lessons in the beautiful art of Gilding, Bronzing, and Painting, after the Chinese. This elegant accomplishment can be acquired by any person in a very few lessons, no matter how ignorant of the subject, and when once learnt, can be turned to so many useful as well as profitable purposes, that every lady should have a knowledge of it. Specimens of card racks, screens, table mats, and table toys, can be seen any time.

A class of ladies commences every afternoon at 3 o'clock, into which four more can be received. Velvet Painting also taught in a few lessons.

October 16

11

DAVID FELT.

STATIONERS' HALL, No. 245, Pearl-Street, HAS constantly on hand and for sale at the very lowest prices, either for cash or approved credit, a very extensive assortment of Stationery, Paper, Blank Books, and School Books, &c. &c.

N. B. Blank Books made to order at short notice July 17.

CONE'S ANTIDOTE,

FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.

THIS Medicine, once so highly celebrated for the cure of that distressing disorder, the whooping cough, has long lain in obscurity, as it was supposed that the secret of its compound had expired with its inventor, Dr. Cone. But a receipt has lately been discovered by one of his descendants, who, profiting by the circumstance, has prepared and offered numerous trials of its efficacy, now offers it to the public. It may be taken with the most perfect safety by children under any circumstances, no mercury being employed in its composition. The proprietor, however, deems it useless to comment upon its virtues, and desires those who are afflicted with the disorder to make trial and judge for themselves. Price 50 cents. Sold only at the following place—

DR. H. CUTTER THORPE.

Aug 14

131 Walker-street.

WHEN Fashion at a loss wandered round in great pain. She looked in each store again and again, Till at length dropping in at the Subscriber's STOCK MANT.

She looked and exclaimed, "You're the man of my heart. 'I've inquired,' quoth she, 'in each store and each block, In this great city of N. Y. for a peep at your Stock; I have now found relief, and if 'twill not offend you, Good customers many depend on't I'll send you.

Some varieties of mine are truly so modest, They stick to cravats and still look the oddest; But faith, let one of them look at your STOCK, His comfort consult, and his heart will unlock.

In point of good Stocks I've been long consulted, And many disputes from my choice have resulted, To be candid and honest, I shall not cross the day, That I found out your Store, No. 80 BROADWAY.

No longer shall prejudice boast of cravats, Such tag-rags and rascals I'll throw to the cats; Sweet Julia, and Susan, and Helen shall send Their benedix to your Store, their appearance to mend.

I see you have Collars, and Dress-Fronts likewise, All these are put on to charm the girls' eyes; A gent to be dressed most sure will his way, To you, and none else, at No. 80 BROADWAY."

"I think, Madam Fashion, you use up more flattery Than ever I heard from the Park to the Battery, But pray, at my freedom, Madam, take no offence, To be in your favor's a mark of good sense."

"Rail on, Mr. Lillibridge, I deserve not your thanks, Your Stocks are in Wall-street as well as the Banks, And this I'm aware of, and still I will say, Brokers, Lawyers, and Merchants, go to No. 80 BROADWAY."

The Sex Captain too, may find comfort and ease In a Patent Huge Stock, if he get one to please, With Fame loud in hand he will then cross the ocean, And thousands in other climes low in devotion."

NEW YORK RIDING SCHOOL, CROSBY STREET.

M. R. ROULESTONE has the pleasure to inform those gentlemen who may wish to be instructed by him, as well as those he has instructed, that his morning school has commenced, and will be continued every morning from 6 to 8 o'clock. Likewise for ladies from 9 till 2 o'clock. Lesson on the road in the afternoon: he has horses for every degree of instruction.

April 10

1831

PREMIUM TEACHING.

L. GOWARD, to whom has been awarded the *First Premium for the shortest, easiest, and most thorough System of Teaching Drawing and Music* in their various Branches, has the pleasure of stating that he is in the habit of making rapid improvements, somewhat greater than those can account for, who do not understand the secret!!! There's no deception—there can be none—for we give References.

N. B. Mr. G. pretends to no Magic, but merely to his happy method, and natural faculty for TEACHING.

HEALTH IN EXERCISE. RIDING ACADEMY AT TATTERSALLS, 446 Broadway.

M. R. BLYTH announces to his friends and patrons, that at present there are few vacancies in his *Riding Academy*.

Ladies and Gentlemen, who may wish to avail themselves of this opportunity of acquiring the art of fearlessly holding at perfect command, that noble animal, the horse, and of being perfected in that graceful accomplishment of *Riding*, which tends, by moderate exercise, to promote general health, will make direct application at the Academy at Tattersall's 446 Broadway.

July 3.

LIVERPOOL AND ORREL COAL AFLOAT Now discharging from ship Mary and Harriet a superior cargo of Liverpool coal, selected large to, neatly use, and lowered into the hold for sale in lots to suit purchasers by applying on board at India wharf, or to H. & A. Stokes, 157 Broadway, and 371 Washington-st, near Beach.

Also afloat and for sale as above, Sydney and Senykill coal of an excellent quality; and in yard Lehigh, Lackawanna, Pictou, and fine Liverpool Coal.

LACKAWANNA OF 1830.

AT JOHN H. BOSTWICK'S GENERAL COAL YARD, corner of West and Clarkson-streets.

This superior anthracite coal will be delivered in any part of the city, free of cartage, at \$7.50 cts., in lumps, 8 dollars per ton of 2240 lbs. broken up and screened.

SCHUYLKILL, VIRGINIA COAL, LEHIGH, and the following pits; LIVERPOOL, MILES, SYDNEY and MIDLOTHIAN, and CHARCOAL, NEW PIT. Pine box Boards, and cedar Boat Boards. A constant supply as above. Oct. 7.

GENUINE PEACH ORCHARD COAL AFLOAT. A small cargo of the above quality of Anthracite coal, is now landing at the yards of the subscribers, foot of Beaver-lane, near the Battery, and is warranted equal to any anthracite coal ever offered for sale in this city. Oct. 9. Apply to H. & A. STOKES.

FURNACES.

FOR warming Buildings with Rarified Air, set up on the most approved principle, and in the neatest manner. Grates, Kitchen Furnaces of every description, by **JAMES SAERS, No. 33 Chapel-street.** Sept. 11 3n

LONDON ANNUALS.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT, WINTER'S WREATH, and JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT, are received and for sale at Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-st., by Nov. 13 6w DAVID FELT.

The Patent Medicated Vapour Bath Establishment.

THESE Baths are under the sole controul and management of J. P. Carroll, No. 25 John-street, two doors east of Nassau-street, New-York.

The Baths are now in full operation, and are recommended by the first members of the faculty; and also, that since they have been in operation, the subscriber has administered them to between twenty and thirty thousand patients. Of the most inveterate and extraordinary cases that have come within his knowledge, he has kept a particular and accurate list; from which it will be found, on inspection, by those interested, that the complaints which most certainly and speedily give way to the use of these baths, with the aid of other proper treatment, are the following:—

Sudden Cold; Fever & Ague; Rheumatism; Repelled or Receded Small Pox; Sore Throat; Hives or Croup; assist Digestion; increase Appetite, &c.

Baths sent out to any part of the city, at five minutes notice, with proper persons to administer them, when required. Private rooms with Baths by the day, week, or month. Portable Baths for sale.

Concentrated Syrup of Liverwort, a new, safe, and valuable medicine for coughs, spitting of blood, and Consumption, to be had as above, and herbs of all kinds, fresh from the Shakers, for sale.

J. P. CARROLL.

Baths administered gratis to those who cannot afford to pay when recommended by the faculty.

DEPOT OF FINE ARTS AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES,

No. 331 1-2 Broadway.

THE proprietor of this establishment takes the liberty of informing the collectors of Shells, &c. that he has purchased of Michael Paff, Esq. of this city his entire collection of Shells, Minerals, &c. (so justly celebrated all over the United States for their beauty and perfection,) adding to it two other valuable collections, making together, 6,000 specimens of the rarest and most superb shells in the Union, which he will dispose of at reasonable prices. Also, a superb lot of rare and common Engravings, Oil Paintings, and Curiosities of all descriptions.

June 19

J. DORIVAL.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

ENOCH ARMSTRONG, No. 53 Maiden-Lane, Importer and Dealer in Hosiery, Gloves, &c. has on hand and offers for sale at reasonable prices gentlemen's, ladies and misses white, black and colored silk, cotton, worsted, wigonia and merino Hosiery and half Hosiery; gentlemen's, ladies and misses kid-hosiery, woodstock and buckskin Gloves; cotton, worsted and lambs wool Drawers and Waistcoats; silk, cotton and worsted Caps, and Suspenders; embroidering Worsteds of every shade; embroidering Cottons; Canvases, &c. &c. June 26.

PREMIUM CHINESE TABLE.

LADIES who wish to acquire the beautiful and useful accomplishment of *GILDING and PAINTING* after the Chinese, are invited to call at 550 Broadway, Mrs. SCHULTS' and see a Table which attracted so much admiration at the Fair of the American Institute, and which for its great variety of work and general execution received a Premium. Specimens in variety, on wood and paper, can also be seen, and terms of teaching made known by calling as above.

Mrs. SCHULTS can attend to three more ladies in the class which begins at 3 o'clock. Oct. 30.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

TWO years in succession, the Premium has been awarded by the American Institute to the proprietor of Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-street, for the best Specimen of *BLANK BOOKS*. When Banks, Public Officers, and others, who are in want of sets or single Books, ruled to any pattern, bound in a superior manner in Vellum, Russia, Calfskin, or Sheep; those who are in want are requested to call and examine for themselves. The prices are warranted as low as can be purchased in any regular store in the United States. 6w Nov. 13.

PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES. Ladies and Gentlemen desiring faithful representations in Portrait or Miniature, may obtain them on moderate terms at No. 39 Arcade, (up stairs,) between Maiden Lane and John-street. In the event of the Likeness not proving satisfactory, no remuneration required.

A whole length portrait of General Washington for sale as above, suitable for a public room or hall, size of painting 8 feet 6 inches, by 6 feet 4 inches. Sept. 18 11

Acade No. 30

The Young Gentlemen who have been so unfortunate as to lose their Hair, or losing it every day.

J. GAUDRI, No. 321 1-2 Broadway, respectfully informs the public that he makes Wigs and curls of a superior quality, and to imitate nature so perfectly as to deceive the most discerning eye. As he never failed to give general satisfaction to those who have honored him with their custom, he hopes to receive the patronage of the public.

N. B. Constantly for sale, Ladies' Curls and Frizzes, Puffs, of the latest fashion. Nov. 6

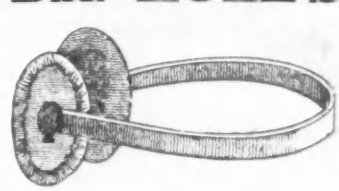
POCKET-BOOK MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER, 48 Nassau-street, New-York. Pocket Book, Writing and Dressing Case Maker. Aug. 20

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

THE Tokens, ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, AMETHYST, YOUTH'S KEYSER, and PEARL, for sale wholesale and retail, at Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-street, by **DAVID FELT.** Nov. 13 6w

J. WHITE, Watch Maker, 72 Liberty-street four doors east of Broadway. Repairs watches and clocks of every description. Oct. 5

DR. HULL'S**PATENT TRUSS.**

FOR THE CURE OF RUPTURE.

THIS SURGICAL INSTRUMENT still maintains its great reputation with the medical profession. Among the numerous testimonials in late medical works of distinguished Surgeons, the following are deemed sufficient:

In *Samuel Cooper's Dictionary of Practical Surgery*, with notes by David Meredith Reese, M. D. article Truss, Dr. Hull's instrument is recommended as the most perfect that has been brought into use, and it is remarked that "numerous innovations and modifications have been resorted to with a view of appropriating the surgical principles embraced in the instrument of Dr. Hull, by those who construct their trusses of inferior materials and otherwise defeat the utility and success of the invention."

From *Hopner's Medical Dictionary*, edited by Samuel Ackerley, M. D. is extracted the following: "The pad of Dr. Hull's Truss is concave and not convex; and hence the raised circular margin by proper adaptation, presses against the sides of the hernial opening, and tends to close the aperture and cure the hernia."

James Thatcher, M. D. in his second edition of "Modern Practice" on the subject of hernia remarks: "Dr. Hull is exclusively entitled to the credit of first adapting the true surgical principles for the radical cure of hernia."

Valentine Mott, M. D.; Cyrus Perkins, M. D.; Samuel Osborne, M. D.; James H. Menly, M. D.; Felix Pascalis, M. D.; John C. Cheesman, M. D.; J. Kearney Rogers, M. D.; John B. Beck, M. D.; Daniel L. M. Peizotte, M. D.; Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.; and many other eminent surgeons have given their decided preference to Dr. Hull's Truss. For reference to their several opinions see a pamphlet on hernia by Dr. A. G. Hull; Professors Knight, Tully, Hubbard, and Ives, of the Medical College in New-Haven; Professors Eberle, McClellan, and Drake, of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia; and the Professors of the Medical Schools in Baltimore, have given their testimony in favour of Dr. Hull's Truss.

Dr. Hull's trusses may be had in any quantity at his office, 132 Fulton-street near Nassau.

CAUTION. The trusses which are advertised in another part of this paper as the invention of one Sherman, are a base imitation of mine. Suits at law will be immediately instituted against all responsible vendors of these pirated articles.

FOR SALE,

A DISTILLERY AND ITS APPARATUS. Will be sold at public auction at the Merchants Exchange, on the fifth day of January next, 1831, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the well known distillery and its appurtenances, situate on the easterly side of Orange-street, between Prince and Spring-streets; the property is described as follows, to wit: all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the 8th (now 14th) ward of the city of New-York, on the easterly side of Orange-street, between Prince and Spring-streets, known and designated on the map of Bayard's East Farm as 1110 and bounded and containing as follows, to wit: northerly by the lot known as 1108; easterly by the lot known as 1111, and westerly by Orange-street.

The buildings, fixtures, tubs, casks, steels, and every other apparatus, is in complete order for carrying on the distilling business, in rectifying and dissolving liquors &c. and is now in full operation, and will be sold as it stands without reserve, for the purpose of closing a trust. The property is situate on ground the title of which is derived from a sale of assessment and taxes, made by the corporation of the city of New-York, the period of the purchase being fifteen years from August 12th 1824. The terms of sale will be for cash only. For further particulars inquire 57 Cedar-street, of **S. B. HELBERT JUDAH, Trustee.**

H. BEHEAN, Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Cutter, Dresser, Perfumer, and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer, from Paris and London. Begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced business at 111 Broadway, near door from Lispenard-street, and hopes, from his experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business to merit a share of public patronage which shall ever be his study to deserve.

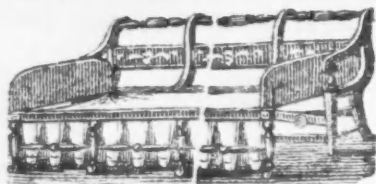
Ladies' Ornamental Hair of every description and of the newest Parisian and London fashions; Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupes, &c., made on the most improved principles warranted not to shrink in the wearing of them.

Anelegant assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Cutlery, &c. &c. which he can warrant genuine. Nov. 20 11

CARD.

MRS. SSTARKE has removed from Pine-street to No. 170 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane, where she can accommodate Two Gentlemen with Rooms, and one Gentleman and Lady with a Parlor and Sleeping Room.

The situation of the House being very central, and none more pleasant, makes it a desirable residence particularly to those engaged in business. May 1 11



JOHN'S
PATENT SOFA AND SETTEE BED-STEADS.

MANUFACTURED and sold at 188 Grand, corner of Mott-street—the subscriber returns his acknowledgments for the liberal patronage extended to him heretofore; he has for sale a large assortment of his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedsteads. This article, yet imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee; it is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength and consistence of the ordinary four post Bedstead; it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlor Settee and Sofa; the bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen or families boarding they save the expense of an extra room, to invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlor fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels owners of steam-boats, counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable—he having already sold five hundred of the Sofa and Settee Bedstead, he considers a fair criterion for the public to judge of the utility of the article. **CHESTER JOHNSON.**

N. B. The Patentee now offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. Oct. 30

**WHOLESALE MANUFACTORY OF
QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS.**

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a regular and periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any house on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the freest state, it is hoped domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do will be left undone to have the workmanship superior to any produced from a foreign market. The terms on which the different kinds of dressings are known, are first, double Dutch—2d, pale and yellow clarified—3d, fluted opaque—4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the principal, and have given for the time in use, universal satisfaction. To country merchants and others, the highest price will be given for American raw Quills, either in cash or exchange.

Grateful for the very decided preference received for the last fourteen years, I subscribe myself the public's obedient servant, **P. BYRNE.** May 15

NEW HAT STORE.

ADELPHI HOUSE, 103 Canal Street.
MILLER respectfully informs the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity, that he has opened the above store with an entire new and fashionable assortment of **HATS**. The whole of his stock having been manufactured since the late reduction in the price of furs, and he being satisfied with a fair living profit only, he is fully enabled to sell, and now offers his assortment as low as any other manufacturer can do.

I. M. being desirous to gain custom by giving general satisfaction, assures the public nothing shall be wanting on his part to do so, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

HATS calculated to give every satisfaction to the purchaser, are sold at the above store for \$2.25. A trial of his hats is particularly solicited, he deeming that sufficient to secure their patronage.

LEMON SYRUP, of superior quality,
SYRUP OF LEMON for Soda Water,
do of Ginger,
French, Martini, and Domestic **CORDIALS**,
on Draught and in Glass,
Peruvian **BITTERS**,
Stoughton's do
Pancy do

For sale Wholesale and Retail on accommodation terms at **LEONARD GORDON'S**,
308 Greenwich, corner of Duane-st.
Grocers and Dealers supplied at short notice.
For the accommodation of distant City Customers, a Letter Box to receive orders is placed at the Cordial Store, 31 Peck-Slip. 6m June 12

CURTAIN ORNAMENT FACTORY.
CARVED and gilt curtain ornaments of entire new pattern, and in best style constantly for sale by **SAMUEL KENNEDY**, No. 20 Hudson-street, near Chambers-Street, who makes ornaments to any fancy either from drawings or description. Upholsterers and others may have sketches with the ornaments, showing their arrangement for the drapery. As usual, Looking Glass and Picture frames.

All orders speedily executed on the lowest terms for cash. **R. C. SKINNER, DENTIST**

WHERE he will perform all the operations necessary to the preservation of the Teeth and Gums, **HOMES**, and all the various kinds of Artificial Teeth set on the Gold Base, (which is considered preferable by those who have used it,) or otherwise as the case may require. Teeth cleaned, and the various parts removed and filled with Gold. Aug. 7

J. B. STOUT & CO. Visiting, Official, and Mercantile Card Engravers and Printers, Consular, and Counting House Seal Cutters, No. 3 Wall-st. 125 Collin Plates furnished at 2 hours notice July 5

MACLAURIN'S WRITING SCHOOL.
Corner of Maiden-lane and William-street.

THE Mercantile young gentlemen of this city are respectfully informed, that the subscriber has removed his Writing Room to the above named place, and is now commencing his eleventh and last season's course of instruction in New-York. It may, perhaps, be unnecessary for him to state here what is well known in the writing community, that, for several years past his sole professional object has been to acquire the greatest possible skill or teacher of writing for business purposes, and he leaves it to the numerous and respectable body of young gentlemen who have received his instruction to say how far he has been successful.

As his pupils have freely and frequently expressed their full conviction of the excellence of his course of practice, and of his ability and disposition to render the most essential service in the way of his profession, he begs leave to request, that, as the coming season will be the last which he will have the pleasure of devoting to their service, they will give him a tangible evidence of their approbation, by recommending their young friends to his classes which are now forming.

The subscriber respectfully solicits all young gentlemen who feel an interest in the subject of hand writing, to give him a call that he may have an opportunity of explaining and exemplifying the subject to them, more fully and particularly than the limits of an advertisement will admit of. He would also be happy to give them some definite information, as to what are and what are not evidence of the quality of a master's instructions: as to the true value of that scribbling stuff which is sometimes dignified with the name of *Running hand*: as to the impositions practised on the public from time to time, by itinerant pedlars of instruction, in the way of getting up marvellous "specimens of improvements, recommendations, &c. &c. &c."

Mac Laurin will always be found at his room from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 3 to 10 P. M.

Terms and all other particulars fully and fairly stated on application **W. S. MACLAURIN** Oct. 30 Writing Master.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THOS. SIMMS, 59 Canal street, having borne through every opposition, arising from envy or mistaken notions of injury to the trade, besides the very great difficulties of introducing a new business in this country, has great pleasure in making known to the American public, that he has (after two years unremitting attention) succeeded in permanently establishing the Manufacture of the Inimitable Satin Beaver Hats, not only equal to those made in England, but from the improvements made during his progress, superior to them in lightness, elasticity and beauty, and now respectfully solicits the patronage of those gentlemen who admire neatness, beauty and lightness in their Hats. T. S. would particularly caution gentlemen who are not acquainted with his Hats, not to form an opinion of the Satin Beavers from any attempted imitation which they may have seen, from whatever source it arises. But gentlemen, to be satisfied of their superiority must see themselves, and all their superior qualities to be known must be tried.

N. B. T. Simms having exhibited a specimen of the above Hats at the late Fair has of course received the first premium for both his Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hats, and which specimens were only a fair sample of those he is now making. The Ladies Hats will be ready for inspection in a few days, having now received the latest English fashions from his friends in London. Nov. 6

PRINTING PRESSES, TYPES, &c.

WILLIAM HAGAR & Co. offer for sale at their Type and Stereotype Foundry, No. 29 Gold street, New-York, a complete assortment of Printing Types, from 14 lines Pica to Diamond, at the following prices, 6 months' credit, or 7 1-2 per cent. discount for cash. They cast their Book Fonts, from English to Diamond, of a metal which they will warrant superior to any other used in this country, and which is from 10 to 13 per cent lighter than type formerly made.

lb.	Double Pica, to Five Lines.	30
	Great Primer.	32
	English.	34
	Pica.	36
	Small Pica.	38
	Long Primer.	40
	Bourgeois.	46
	Brevier.	56
	Minion.	70
	Nonpareil.	90

All others in proportion. Old metal received in exchange at 9 cents per lb. **W. H. & Co.** are Agents for the Washington Printing Press, invented by Samuel Rust.

Also, of the Smith Press, manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., both of which they offer for sale on accommodating terms. 9m Aug. 7

PAPER, BOOK, TRUNK, AND BAND BOX BOARDS.

FOR sale by the subscriber at his Paper Ware Room, No. 45 John-street—his elegant white and tinted Letter and Note Papers; plain, gilt, silvered and perforated (premiered at the fairs of 1828 and 9) Foolscap, cut and in flats, fine and common; Demy and Medium Writing Papers, blue and white, admitted to be superior for blank books to any in the market; Rose and Blossom coloured Blotting Paper; Printing, music and Copper-plate Paper, made by hand, and by one of the latest and most approved English Machines; also, hardware, Ironmongers double and single crown Wrapping, Cartridge, Log Stainers, and Sand Papers; likewise, Book, Trunk and Bandbox boards. The above are from the subscriber's manufactory, and for sale at his Ware room, 45 John-street. **ROBERT DONALDSON.** 6-10

MONEY TO LOAN on City Property in sums to suit applicants, at 6 per cent. Apply to **C. BATES**, 27 Chatham-st. opposite Tien Ren. Nov. 21

MUSEUM OF WAX FIGURES.

Corner of Howard street and Broadway.—Entrance Howard street.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Museum is now open, consisting chiefly of Wax Figures, which have never been exhibited in this City. There are more than One Hundred Figures in the Museum, among which are—

The Virgin Mary, together with the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, and the Shepherds.—St. Mathew chap. 2.

The unjust sentence of the Jews against Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, consisting of Forty Figures.—St. Mathew, chap. 27.

Sisera, Captain over King Jabin's Army, who was slain by Jael, the wife of Heber.—Judges, chap. 4.

Jacob's Vision with the Angels on the ladder.—Genesis, chap. 28.

Hagar and her son Ishmael: and God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water.—Genesis, chap. 21.

King Herod slaying the children.—St. Mathew, chap. 2.

John the Baptist beheaded and his head presented to Herod's daughter.—St. Mathew, chap. 14.

The Chinese Family.

The Sleeping Beauty with her six infants.

Spring representing a love scene with a beautiful Cupid, elegant Tower of Trees, Flowers and Fruit.

Summer, Autumn and Winter.

Admission 25 cents—children half price.

Aug. 28 3m **M. C. FRIEDLE.**

PREMIUM PENMANSHIP.

G. ELY, to whom was awarded the First Premium, at the late Fair in this city for the best specimen of Plain and Ornamental Writing (when put in competition with the finest productions of the most eminent Penman that has ever appeared from London since the days of the celebrated Chirographer, Gualtero Milns.) has the pleasure to state that his superiority in teaching the art is universally acknowledged to be in proportion to his skill in execution.

His Academy is now open for the reception of Ladies from 10 to 12 in the morning; and from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 in the evening.

Terms made known by applying at 174 Broadway, front room second story.

In his inimitable style he executes Diplomas, Marriage Certificates, Titles for Albums, Visiting Cards and every species of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to stop at his door and examine specimens of titles to Albums, and Visiting Cards, written on the most beautiful parchment. Oct. 30

ARTIFICIAL ENAMEL HUMAN EYES.

TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LOSE AN EYE.

D. R. SCUDDER, Oculist, respectfully gives notice that he has returned to New York, and can be consulted between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, daily at his office, No. 37 Courtland street. All those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, can have the deficiency remedied with a degree of perfection astonishing. Nothing disfigures the face more than the loss of an eye, and it frequently happens that those who have met with the loss exclude themselves from society. The artificial eyes roll, wink, and turn the same as the natural eye, are worn without pain, and will last during life. Being made of the finest flint enamel, and highly polished they possess the brilliancy of the natural organ, and (so far as appearance goes) completely restore the lost beauty of the human face. August 7.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY, OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Store, No. 102 William-street and No. 19 Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. Manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINES, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to. March 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.—No. 78 Murray-st.

M. R. KING, Professor of Elocution, has the pleasure to inform the public that his success has been beyond his most sanguine expectations, having given entire relief in every instance, to some who had been already under the tuition of others without having received any benefit. Mr. K. feels confident, that, by his system, (very different from what has been heretofore practised) he will be enabled to cure permanently, every one who submits to his instruction, whether any attempt has before been made to correct their impediment, or not.

The liberty of referring to the following gentlemen has been kindly granted. Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Rev. Mr. Ware, Dr. Griscom and Messrs. Borland and Forrest. At home every day at half past 12. 3m July 17.

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTORY.

P. K. ER & CLOVER, Carvers and Gilders, 180 Fulton-street, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have made an extensive addition to the Ornamental department of the most fashionable patterns from London, and are enabled to manufacture Frames for Paintings, Looking Glasses, &c. of various patterns, antique or modern, to suit the taste of the most fastidious. April 21. U



The subscribers, in addition to a superior assortment of Brussels and Ingrain, offer the following elegant and splendid Kidderminster Carpeting recently received, viz:—white, with wood and green; orange, with blue and green; green, lemon and white; lilac, green and white, orange, lemon and scarlet; lemon, green, white and blue; browns, elegantly shaded with light colors, &c. The patterns of the above goods are entirely new, also the manner in which they are shaded, and are such as have not been offered before in this city, and for permanency of colors can be confidently recommended. Also, a very extensive assortment of low priced English and Scotch Carpeting, Venetian in sets, Damask, Venetian, a new and splendid article for halls, stairs, &c. with the usual assortment of Matting, Rugs, Piano, Table, and Stand Covers and Door Mats; Floor Cloths, from three quarters to three yards wide, in a great variety of colors and patterns. Goods purchased of the advertisers, will be sold on the most accommodating terms, and sent to any part of the city, and fitted to apartments gratuitously. **J. & J. H. SACKETT**, 96 Division, June 26 tf nearly opposite Market-st.

RELIEF FOR HERNIA.

THE American Graduate and Permanent TRUSS has obtained such celebrity for the short time it has been before the public, that the proprietor is induced to call the attention of those afflicted with that distressing complaint called Hernia, to the manifest and decided advantages embraced by this newly improved instrument over all others in use, it is adapted to every variety of reducible Hernia, in persons of all ages and sizes; the most corpulent as well as lean being secured by it. Its peculiarities will be found applicable to all cases, and particularly to such as reside in warm climates. The variety of cuts of its pads, the Graduating principle by which greater or less pressure is given at the wearer's pleasure, its side cushions, with its numerous other advantages, render it a very desirable desideratum to the afflicted, and as a full description cannot be given in an advertisement it is presumed to be a sufficient inducement to state that this Truss is warranted to give the promised and desired relief in all cases. The American Graduate and Permanent Trusses may be had in any quantity at the Office, No. 6 Attorneys' Hall, opposite Clinton Hall, 126 Nassau-street.

All Orders punctually attended to, and a liberal discount made to vendors. Sept. 25

DR. PIERSON'S Catechu and Sarsaparilla Compound, a new, safe, and speedy remedy for the cure of gonorrhoea, gleet, strictures, seminal weakness, pains in the loins, kidneys, irritation of the bladder and urethra, gravel, and other disorders of the urinary passages, frequently performing a perfect cure in the short space of three or four days.

The Catechu are chemically combined with Sarsaparilla and other ingredients, which render highly beneficial in secondary syphilitic symptoms, scorbatic eruptions, rheumatism, pains in the bones, ulcers, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. This medicine combines in elegant form, three of the most popular and effectual remedies in use at the present day, its concentration making the dose so small, that the most delicate stomach can receive and retain it with pleasure. On the extensive use and great benefit of these remedies in England at the present day, little need be said. The celebrity this Concentrated Compound has gained in London, has induced many respectable gentlemen to prescribe it for their patients.

For sale by **WM. RUSHTON**, 81 William-street, second door from Maiden-Lane. July 3

E. BLOOMER.

AT No. 160 Broadway, is prepared to supply his customers and the public generally, with **HATS** of the most approved style and finish, at various prices. Also—London Black and Drab Beavers; and Umbrellas of the best quality; French Gloves.

Gentlemen's Travelling Hat Boxes, a new article, superior perhaps to any before offered in this city.

Caps in great variety, viz. Men and Boy's Travelling, Swiss, Bolivian, and Fancy.

Officers of the Army and Navy furnished with CAPS to order at short notice.

Family orders promptly attended to. May 15

GREENWICH HAT STORE.

WINTERTON'S FASHIONABLE HAT STORE, removed from 110 Broadway, to No. 233 Bleecker-st., second door south of Grove-st. S. Winterton has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at \$2 and upwards. Also, an assortment of Caps, Umbrellas, &c. Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the City. June 12 3m

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, **P. J. Batson**, Ass't P. M.
Ballston, New York, **Joel Lee**, Post Master.
Ibica, New York, **A. B. Clark**.
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, **Abraham Rex**, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, **D. B. Rounsaville**.
New Brunswick, New Jersey, **Reuben Ayres**.
Portland, Maine, **Samuel Coleman**, Bookeller.
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, **N. March**, Bookseller.
Saugerties, New York, **J. Russell**, Post Master.
Troy, New York, **Clark & Hosford**, Booksellers.

Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of ten per cent.